

THE INSATIATE Countesse.

A Tragedie,
As it was sundry times Acted at the
White-Friers, by the Children
of the Reuels.

WRITTEN
By *Lewis Machin*, and *William Bacster*.



LONDON,
Printed for *Thomas Archer* dwelling
in Popes-head-pallace, neere the
Royall Exchange. 1613.

THE
INSTANT
Countess.

A Tragedy
in five Acts
As it is performed by the Children
of the Kings.

WRITTEN
By James Shirley, and Thomas Middleton.



Printed for I. Blount, at the
sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.



THE INSATIATE Countesse.

The Countesse of *Swenia* discovered sitting at a Table
couered with blacke, on which stands two blacke Ta-
pers lighted, she in mourning.

Enter ROBERTO Count of Cypres, GUIDO Count of Arseva,
and Signior MIZALDVS.

Mizaldus.



What should we doe in this Countesses darke hole?
She's fullenly retyred, as the Turtle:
Euery day has beene a blacke day with her since
her husband dyed, and what should wee vnruely
members make here?

Guid. As melancholy night masques vp heauens face,
So doth the Euening-starre present her selfe
Vnto the carefull Shepheards glad some eyes,
By which vnto the folde he leades his flocke.

Mizald. Zounds what a sheepish beginning is here? 'tis
said true, Loue is simple; and it may well hold, and thou art a
simple louer.

Rober. See how yond Starre like beauty in a cloud,
Illumines darknesse, and beguiles the Moone
Of all her glory in the firmament.

Mizal. Well said man i'the Moone. Was euer such Astro-
nomers? Marry I feare none of these will fall into the right
Ditch.

Robert. Madame.

Count. Ha *Anna*, what are my doores vnbar'd?

Miz. Ile assure you the way into your Ladiship is open.

Rob. And God defend that any prophane hand
Should offer sacriledge to such a Saint.

Louely *Isabella*, by this dutious kisse,
That drawes part of my Soule along with it,
Had I but thought my rude intrusion
Had wak'd the Doue-like spleene harbour'd within you,
Life and my first borne should not satisfie
Such a transgression, worthy of a checke,
But that Immortals wincke at my offence,
Makes me presume more boldly: I am come
To raise you from this so infernall sadnesse.

Isab. My Lord of Cypres, doe not mocke my griefe:
Teares are as due, as Tribute, to the dead,
As feare to God, and duty vnto Kings,
Loue to the Iust, or hate vnto the Wicked.

Robert. Surcease.

Beleeue it is a wrong vnto the Gods:
They saile against the winde that waile the dead.
And since his heart hath wrestled with deaths pangs,
From whose sterne Caue none tracts a backward path.
Leaue to lament this necessary change,
And thanke the Gods, for they can giue as good.

Isab. I waile his losse! Sinke him tenne cubites deeper,
I may not feare his resurrection:
I will be sworne vpon the holy Writ
I morne thus feruent cause he di'd no sooner:
Hee buried me aliue,
And mued mee vp like *Cretan Dedalus*,
And with wall-ey'd Ielousie kept me from hope
Of any waxen wings to flye to pleasure.
But now his soule her Argos eyes hath clo'sd,

And

The Infortunate Countesse.

And I am free as ayre. You of my sexe,
In the first flow of youth vse you the sweets
Due to your proper beauties, ere the ebbe
And long waine of vnwelcome change shall come.
Faire women play : she's chaste whom none will haue:
Here is a man of a most milde aspect,
Temperate, effeminate, and worthy loue,
One that with burning ardor hath pursued me :
A donatiue he hath of euery God;
Apollo gaue him lockes, *Ioue* his high front,
The God of Eloquence his flowing speech,
The feminine Deities strowed all their bounties
And beautie on his face : that eye was *Iuno's*,
Those lips were his that wonne the golden Ball,
That virgin-blush *Diana's* : here they meete,
As in a sacred Synod. My Lords, I must intreate
A while your wisht forbearance.

Omnes. We obey you Lady. *Exit Guido and Mizald.*

Is. My Lord, with you I haue some conference. *Ma. Rob.*
I pray my Lord, doe you woo euery Lady
In this phraze you doe me ?

Rob. Fairest, till now,
Loue was an Infant in my Oratory.

Isab. And kisse thus too ?

Rob. I need was so kist, leaue thus to please,
Flames into flames, seas thou pourest into seas.

Isab. Pray frowne my Lord, let me see how many wiues
You'll haue. Heigh-ho, you'll bury me I see.

Rob. In the Swans downe, and tombe thee in mine armes.

Isab. Then folkes shall pray in vaine to send me rest.
Away, you're such another meddling Lord.

Rob. By heauen my loue's as chaste as thou art faire,
And both exceede comparison : by this kisse,
That crownes me Monarch of another world
Superiour to the first, faire, thou shalt see
As vnto heauen, my loue so vnto thee.

(hand,

Isab. Alas poore creatures, when we are once o'the falling

The insatiate Countesse.

A man may easily come ouer vs.
It is as hard for vs to hide our loue,
As to shut sinne from the Creators eyes.
Ifaith my Lord, I had a Months minde vnto you,
As tedious as a full rip'd Maidenhead.
And Count of Cypres, thinke my loue as pure,
As the first opening of the bloomes in May;
Your vertues may; nay, let me not blush to say so :
And see for your sake thus I leaue to sorrow.
Beginne this subtile coniuration with mee,
And as this Taper, due vnto the dead,
I here extinguish, so my late dead Lord
I put out euer from my memory,
That his remembrance may not wrong our loue. *Puts out*
As bold-fac'd women when they wed another, *the Taper.*
Banquet their husbands with their dead loues heads.

Rob. And as I sacrifice this to his Ghost,
With this expire all corrupt thoughts of youth,
That fame-insatiate Diuell Icalousie,
And all the sparkes that may bring vnto flame,
Hate betwixt man and wife or breed defame.

Enter MIZALDVS and MENDOSA.

Guid. Marry Amen, I say: Madame, are you that were in
for all day, now come to be in for all night? How now Count
Arsena?

Miz. Faith Signior not vnlike the condemn'd malefactor,
That heares his iudgement openly pronounc'd;
But I ascribe to Fate, Ioy swell your loue,
Cypres, and Willow-grace my drooping crest.

Rober. We doe entend our Hymeneall rights
With the next rising Sunne. Count Cypres,
Next to our Bride, the welcomst to our feast.

Count. Ars. *Saneta Maria*, what thinkst thou of this change?
A Players passion Ile belecue hereafter,
And in a Tragicke Sceane weepe for olde *Priam*,
When fell reuenging *Pirrhus* with supposde
And artificiall wounds mangles his breast,

And

The in satiate Countesse.

Ser. My Lord, the Masquers are at hand.

Rob. Giue them kinde entertainment. Some worthy friends of mine, my Lord, vnknowne to mee, too lauish of their loues, Bring their owne welcome in a solemne Masque.

Abigall. I am glad there's Noble-men i'the Masque With our Husbands to ouer-rule them, They had sham'd vs all else.

Thais. Why? for why, I pray?

Ab. Why? marry they had come in with some Citie shew else, Hyred a few Tinsell coates at the Vizard-makers, which would ha'made them looke, for all world, like Bakers in their linnen bafes, and mealy vizzards, new come from bolting. I saw a shew once at the Marriage of a *Magnifico's* daughter, presented by Time: which Time vvas an olde bald thing; a seruant, 'twas the best man; hee was a Dyer, and came in likenesse of the Raine-bow in all manner of colours, to shew his Art, but the Raine-bow smelt of vrine, so wee were all afraid the property was chang'd, and look'd for a shower. Then came in after him, one that (it seem'd) fear'd no colours, a Grocer that had trim'd vp himselfe handsomely: hee vvas Iustice, and shew'd reasons why. And I thinke this Grocer, I meane this Iustice, had borrowed a weather-beaten Ballance from some Iustice of a Conduit, both vvhich Scales were replenisht vvith the choise of his Ware, And the more liberally to shew his nature, He gaue euery woman in the roome her handfull.

Thais. O great act of Iustice! vvell, and my Husband come cleanly off with this, hee shall ne'er betray his weakenesse more, but confesse himselfe a Citizen hereafter, and acknowledge their wit, for alas they come short.

Enter in the Masque, the Count of Arsena, MENDOSA, CLARIDIANA, Torch-bearers. They deliner the shields to their severall Mistresses, that is to say, MENDOSA, to the Lady LENTVLVS; CLARIDIANA, to ABIGAL; to ISABELLA, GUIDO Count of Arsena; to THAIS, ROGERO.

Isab. Good my Lord, be my expositer. *To the Cardinall.*

Card. The Sunne setting, a man pointing at it:
The Motto, *Senso tamen ipse Calarem:*

The insatiate Countesse.

Faire Bride, some seruant of yours, that here imitates
To haue felt the heate of Loue bred in your brightnesse,
But setting thus from him, by marriage,
He onely here acknowledgerh your power,
And must expect beames of a morrow Sunne.

Lent. Lord Bridegroom, will you enterprete me?

Rober. A fable Shield: the word, *Vidua spes*.
What the forlorne hope, in blacke, despairing?

Lady *Lentulus*, is this the badge of all your Sutors?

Lent. I by my troth my Lord, if they come to me.

Rob. I could giue it another interpretation. Me thinkes this
Louer has learn'd, of women, to deale by contraries: if so, then
here he sayes, the Widow is his onely hope.

Lent. No: good my Lord, let the first stand.

Rober. Inquire of him, and heele resolue the doubt.

Abig. What's here? a Ship sailing nigh her hauen?
With good ware belike: 'tis well ballast.

Thais. O, your this deuice smels of the Marchant. What's
your ships name, I pray? *The forlorne Hope?*

Abigall. No: *The Merchant Royall*.

Thais. And why not *Aduenturer?*

Abig. You see no likelihood of that: would it not faine be
in the hauen? The word, *Vt tangerem Portum*.

Marry, for ought I know, God grant it. What's there?

Thais. Mine's an Azure shield: marry what else; I should
tell thee more then I vnderstand; but the vvord is,

Aut precio, aut precibus.

Abigall. I, I, some Common-counsell deuice. *They take the wo-*
Mend. Faire widow, how like you this change? *men, and dance*

Lent. I chang'd too lately to like any. *the first change.*

Mend. O your husband! you weare his memory like a Deaths-
For heauens loue thinke of mee as of the man (head.
Whose dancing dayes you see are not yet done.

Lent. Yet you sinke apace sir.

Mend. The fault's in my Vpholsterer, Lady.

Roger. Thou shalt as soone finde Truth telling a lye,
Vertue a Bawd, Honestie a Courtier,

The insatiate Countesse.

As me turn'd recreant to thy least designe:
Loue makes me speake, and hee makes loue diuine.

Thais. Would Loue could make you so: but 'tis his guise
To let vs surfet ere hee ope our eyes.

Abig. You graspe my hand too hard ifaith, faire sir, *Holding her*

Clar. Not as you graspe my hart, vnwilling wanton. *by the hand.*
Were but my breast bare and Anatomized,

Thou shouldst behold there how thou tortur'st it:

And as *Appelles* limb'd the Queene of Loue,

In her right hand grasping a heart in flames,

So may I thee, fairer, but crueller.

Abig. Well sir, your vizor giues you colour for what you say.

Clar. Grace me to weare this fauour, 'tis a Iemme
That vailles to your eyes, though not to th'Eagles,
And in exchange giue me one word of comfort.

Abig. I marry: I like this wooer well:
Hee'll win's pleasure out o'the stones.

The second change.

If. Change is no robbery: yet in this change *Isabelia fals in love*
Thou rob'st me of my hart, sure *Cupid's* here, *with Rogero when*
Disguis'd like a pretty Torch-bearer, *the changers speak.*
And makes his brand a Torch, that with more sleight
He may intrap weake women: here the sparkes
Fly as in Etna from his Fathers Anuile.

O powerfull Boy! my heart's on fire, and vnto mine eyes
The raging flames ascend, like to two Beacons,
Summoning my strongest powers, but all too late,
The Conquerour already opes the gate.
I will not aske his name.

Abig. You dare put it into my hands.

Mend. Zounds, doe you thinke I will not?

Abig. Then thus, to morrow (you'll be secret, seruant.)

Mend. All that I doe, Ile doe in secret.

Ab. My husband goes to Mucaue to renew the Farme he has.

Men. Well, what time goes the larks-farmer?

Abig. He shall not be long out, but you shall put in, I warrant
you. Haue a care that you stand iust i'the nicke about sixe a
clocke in the euening; my Maide shall conduct you vp, to saue
mine

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mine honor you must come vp darkling, and to auoid suspicion.

Mend. Zounds, hudwinck'd, and if you'll open all sweet Lady.

Abig. But if you faile to doo't.

Mend. The Sunne shall faile the day first.

Abig. Tyethis ring fast, you may be sure to know.

You'll brag of this, now you haue brought me to the bay.

Mend. Poxe o'this Masque: would'twere done, I might
To my Apothecaries for some stirring meates.

Tha. Methinkes sir, you should blush e'en through your vizor,
I haue scarce patience to dance out the rest.

Robert. The worse my fate that plowes a marble quarry:
Primate on yet thy Image was more kinde,
Although thy loue not halfe so true as mine.
Dance they that list, I faile against the winde.

Thais. Nay sir, betray not your infirmities,
You'll make my Husband icalous by and by;
We will thinke of you, and that presently.

Guid. The Spheares ne'er danc'd vnto a better tune.
Sound Musick there.

Isab. 'Twas Musicke that he spake.

*The third change ended,
Ladies fall off.*

Rob. Gallants I thanke you, and
Beginne a health to your Mistresses.

3. or 4. Faire thanks sir Bridegroome.

Isab. He speakes not to this pledge, has he no Mistresse?
Would I might chese one for him: but't may be
Hee doth adore a brighter Starre then wee.

Rob. Sit Ladies sit, you haue had standing long.

Men. Blesse the man: sprit'ly and nobly done.

Thais. What, is your Ladiship hurt?

Isab. O no, an easie fall.

Was I not deepe enough, thou God of lust,

But I must further wade? I am his now,

As sure as *Inno's* Loues, *Hymen* take flight,

And see not me, 'tis not my wedding night.

Exit Isabella.

Card. The Brides departed, discontent it seemes.

Rob. Wee'll after her. Gallants, vnmasque I pray,

And taste a homely banquet we entreate.

*Exit Rob. Card.
and Lights.*

The insatiate Countesse.

Clarid. *Candidi Ernigos* I beseech thee.

Men. Come Widow, Ile be bold to put you in.

My Lord will you haue a sociate?

Exit Thais.

Rog. Good gentlemen if I haue any interest in you, *Lent. Abig.*
Let me depart vnknowne, 'tis a disgrace
Of an eternall memory.

Mend. What the fall my Lord, as common a thing as can be,
the stiffest man in Italy may fall betweene a womans legs.

Clar. Would I had chang'd places with you my Lord, would
it had beene my hap.

Rog. What Guckold laid his hornes in my way?
Signior Claridiana, you were by the Lady vwhen I fell,
Doe you thinke I hurt her?

Clar. You could not her, my Lord, betweene the legs.

Rog. What vvas't I fell vvithall?

Mend. A crosse point my Lord.

(vnknowne,

Rog. Crosse-point indeede: vvell if you loue me, let me hence
The silence yours, the disgrace mine owne. *Ex. Clar. & Mend.*

Enter ISABELLA with a gilt Goblet and meetes ROGERO.

Isab. Sir, if Wine were Nectar Ile beginne a health,
To her that were most gracious in your eye,
Yet daigne, as simply 'tis the gift of *Bacchus*,
To giue her pledge that drinckes: this God of Wine
Cannot inflame me more to appetite,
Though he be co-supreme with mightie Loue,
Then thy faire shape.

Rog. Zounds she comes to deride me.

Isab. That kisse shall serue
To be a pledge although my lips should starue.
No tricke to get that vizor from his face?

Rog. I vvill steale hence, and so conceale disgrace.

Isab. Sir, haue you left nought behinde?

Rog. Yes, Lady but the Fates will not permit
(As Iems once lost are seldome or neuer found)
I should conuay it vvith me. Sweete Good-night.
Shee bends to mee: there's my fall againe.

Exit.

Isab. He's gone, that lightning that a vvhile doth strike

The insatiate Countesse.

Our eyes with amaz'd brightnesse, and on a sudden
Leaves vs in prisoned darknesse. Lust thou art hie,
My smiles may well come from the Skye.

Anna, Anna. Enter ANNA.

Anna. Madame, did you call?

Isab. Follow yond stranger, prethee learne his name:
Wee may hereafter thanke him. How I doate? Exit Anna.
Is hee not a God

That can command what other men would winne
With the hard'st aduantage? I must haue him,
Or shadow-like follow his fleeting steps.
Were I as *Daphne*, and he followed chase,
Though I reiected young *Appolloes* loue,
And like a Dreame beguile his wandring steps,
Should he pursue me through the neighbouring groue,
Each Cowslip stalke should trip a willing fall,
Till hee were mine, who till then am his thrall:
Nor will I blush, since worthy is my chance.
'Tis said that *Venus* with a *Satyre* slept,
And how much short came she of my faire aime?
Then Queene of Loue a president Ile be,
To teach faire women learne to loue of mee.

Speake Musicke, what's his name. Enter ANNA.

Anna. Madame, It was the worthy Count *Massino*.

Isab. Blest be thy tongue: the worthy Count indeede,
The worthiest of the Worthies. Trusty *Anna*,
Hast thou pack'd vp those Monies, Plate, and Jewels
I gaue direction for?

Anna. Yes, Madame, I haue trust vp them, that many
A proper man has beene trust vp for.

Isab. I thanke thee, take the wings of night,
Beloued Secretary, and poste with them to *Swenia*,
There furnish vp some stately Pallace
Worthy to entertaine the King of Loue:
Prepare it for my comming and my Loues,
Ere *Phæbus* Steedes once more vnharneſt be,
Or ere he sport with his beloued *Thetis*,

The

The insatiate Countesse.

The siluer-footed Goddess of the Sea,
Wee will set forward. Flye like the Northern winde,
Or swifter, *Anna*, fleete like to my minde.

An. I am iust of your minde Madame, I am gone. *Exit An.*

Isab. So to the house of Death the mourner goes,
That is bereft of what his soule desir'd,
As I to bed, I to my nuptiall bed,
The heauen on earth : so to thought slaughters went
The pale *Andromeda* bedew'd with teares,
When euery minute she expected gripes of a fell monster,
And in vaine bewail'd the act of her creation.
Sullen Night that look't with suncke eyes on my nuptiall bed,
With ne'er a Starre that smiles vpon the end,
Mend thy slacke pace, and lend the malecontent,
The hoping loue, and the wishing Bride
Beames that too long thou shadowest : or if not
In spight of thy fixt front when my loath'd Mate
Shall struggle in due pleasure for his right,
Ile think't my loue, and die in that delight. *Exit.*

Enter at seuerall doores ABIGAL and THAIS.

Abig. *Thais*, you're an earely riser.

I haue that to shew will make your hayre stand an-end.

Thais. Well Lady, and I haue that to shew you will bring your
courage downe. What would you say, and I would name a partie
saw your Husband court, kisse, nay almost goe through for the
hole ?

Abig. How, how, what would I say ? nay, by this light, what
would I not doe ? If euer Amazon fought better, or more at the
face then Ile doe, let me neuer be thought a new married vvife.
Come vnmasque her : 'tis some admirable creature, vvwhose beau-
tie you neede not paint. I warrant you, 'tis done to your hand.

Thais. Would any vvoman but I, be abused to her face ?
Prethee reade the contents : Know'st thou the Character ?

Abig. 'Tis my Husbands hand, and a Loue-Letter :
But for the contents I finde none in it. Has the lustfull monster,
All backe and belly-steru'd me thus ? What defect does he see in
mee ? Ile be sworne wench, I am of as pliant and yeelding body
to

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to him, e'en vvhich way hee vvill, hee may turne mee as hee list himselfe. What? *and dedicate to thee*: I marry, here's a stile so high as a man cannot helpe a Dog o'er it. He was wont to write to me in the Citie phrasc, My good *Abigall*: here's *Astonishment of nature, unparalleled excellency, and most unequal raritie of creation*: Three such wordes will turne any honest woman in the world whore: for a woman is neuer wonne till shee know not vvhat to answere; and beshrew me if I vnderstand any of these: you are the partie I perceiue, and here's a white sheete, that your husband has promist me to do penance in: you must not thinke to dance the shaking of the sheetes alone, though there be not such rare phrases in't, tis more to the matter; a legible hand, but for the dash, or the (hee) and (as): short bawdy Parenthesis as euer you saw, to the purpose: hee has not left out a pricke I warrant you, wherein he has promist to doe me any good, but the Law's in mine owne hand.

Thais. I euer thought by his red beard hee would proue a *Indas*, here am I bought and solde; hee makes much of me indeede. Well wench, we were best wisely in time seeke for preuention, I should be loath to take drinke and die on't, as I am afraid I shall that hee will lye with thee.

Abig. To be short sweete hart, Ile be true to thee, though a lyer to my Husband: I haue signed your Husbands bill like a Wood-cocke as hee is held, perswaded him (since nought but my loue can allswage his violent passions) hee should enioy, like a priuate friend the pleasures of my bed: I tolde him my Husband was to goe to Mawrano to day, to renew a Farme hee has, and in the meane time hee might be tenant at will, to vse mine: this false fire has so tooke with him, that he's rauisht afore hee come. I haue had stones on him all red: dost know this:

Thais. I, too vvell, it blushes for his M^r. *Points to the ring.*

Abigall. Now my Husband will be hawking about thee anon, And thou canst meete him closely.

Thais. By my faith I would be loath in the darke, and hee knew mee.

Abig. I meane thus: the same occasion will serue him too, they are birds of a feather, and vvill flye together, I varrant thee

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thee wench, appoint him to come : say that thy Husband's gone for Mawrano, and tell mee anone if thou mad'st not his heart-bloud spring, for ioy, in his face.

Thais. I conceiue you not all this while.

Abig. Then th'art a barren woman, and no meruaile if thy Husband loue thee not : the houre for both to come is fixe, a dark time fit for purblind louers; and vwith cleanly conuayance by the niglers our maids, they shall be translated into our Bed-chambers.

Your Husband into mine, and mine into yours.

Thais. But you meane they shall come in at the backe-dores.

Abig. Who, our Husbands ? nay, and they come not in at the fore-dores, there will be no pleasure in't. But we two will climbe ouer our garden-Pales, and come in that vway, (the chastest that are in Venice vwill stray for a good turne) and thus vvittily vvill wee be bestowed, you into my house to your husband, and I into your house to my husband, and I vvarrant thee before a month come to an end, they'll cracke louder of this nights-lodging, then the Bed-steads.

Thais. All is if our Maids keepe secret.

Abig. Mine is a Maid Ile be sworne, shee has kept her secrets hitherto.

Thais. Troath, and I neuer had any Sea-captaine borded in my house.

Abig. Goe to then : and the better to auoid suspicion, Thus wee must insist, they must come vp darkling, recreate themselues with their delight an houre or two, and after a million of kisses, or so.

Thais. But is my husband content to come darkling ?

Abig. What not to saue mine honour ? hee that vvill runne through fire, as hee has profest, will by the heate of his loue, grope in the darke. I warrant him he shall saue mine honour.

Thais. I am afraid my voyce vvill discover mee.

Abig. Why then, you're best say nothing, and take it thus quietly when your husband comes.

Thais. I, but you know a vvoman cannot chuse but speake in these cases.

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Abig. Bite in your neather-lip, and I varrant you,
Or make as if you were vvhiffing Tobacco;
Or puichlike me. Gods-so, I heare thy Husband. *Exit.*

Thais. Farewell vvise-woman.

Enter MIZALDVS.

Mizal. Now gins my vengeance mount high in my lust:
'Tis a rare creature, shee'll do't i'faith;
And I am arm'd at all points. A rare whiblin,
To be reueng'd, and yet gaine pleasure in't,
One height aboue reuenge: yet vvhat a slaue am I,
Are there not younger Brothers enough, but vve must
Branch one another? oh but mine's reuenge,
And who on that does dreame
Must be a Tyrant euer in extreame.
O my Wife *Thais* get my Breakefast ready,
I must into the Country to a Farme I haue
Somewhat miles off, and, as I thinke,
Shall not come home to night. *Iaques, Iaques,*
Get my Vessell ready to row me downe the Riuer.
Prethee make haste Sweet girle. *Exit Mizal.*

Thais. So, there's one foole shipt away: are your crosse-points
discouer'd? Get your Breake-fast ready!
By this light Ile tie you to hard fare:
I haue beene too sparing of that you prodigally offer
Voluntary to another: well you shall be a tame foole hereafter.
The finest light is when vve first defraud;
Husband to night 'tis I must lie abroad. *Exit.*

Enter ISABELLA and a Page with a Letter.

Ifab. Here, take this Letter, beare it to the Count:
But Boy, first tell me; think'st thou I am in loue?

Page. Madame, I cannot tell.

Ifab. Canst thou not tell? Dost thou not see my face?
Is not the face the *Index* of the minde?
And canst thou not destinguish Loue by that?

Page. No Madame.

Ifab. Then take this Letter and deliuer it
Vnto the worthy Count. No, fie vpon him,

Come

The insatiate Countesse.

Come backe againe: tell me, why shouldst thou thinke
That same's a Loue-letter?

Page. I doe not thinke so Madame.

Isab. I know thou dost: for thou dost euer vse
To hold the wrong opinion. Tell me true,
Dost thou not thinke that Letter is of Loue?

Page. If you vvould haue me thinke so Madame, yes.

Isab. What dost thou thinke thy Lady is so fond?

Giue me the Letter, thy selfe shall see it.
Yet I should teare it in the breaking ope,
And make him lay a wrongfull charge on thee;
And say thou brok'st it open by the vvay;
And saw vvhat haynous things I charge him vvith:
But 'tis all one, the Letter is not of loue,
Therefore deliuer it vnto himselfe,
And tell him hee's deceiu'd, I doe not loue him.
But if he thinke so bid him come to me,
And Ile confute him straight; Ile shew him reasons,
Ile shew him plainly why I cannot loue him.
And if he hap to reade it in thy hearing,
Or chance to tell thee that the vvordes vvere sweet,
Doe not thou then disclose my lewde entent,
Vnder those Syren vvordes, and how I meane
To vse him vvhen I haue him at my vvill:
For then thou wilt destroy the plot that's laid,
And make him feare to yeeld vvhen I doe vvish
Onely to haue him yeeld; for vvhen I haue him,
None but my selfe shall know how I vvill vse him.
Be gone, why stayest thou? yet returne againe.

Page. I Madame.

Isab. Why dost thou come againe? I bad thee goe.
If I say, Goe, neuer returne againe.

Exit Page.

My bloud, like to a troubled Ocean,
Cuff'd vvith the Windes, incertaine where to rest,
Buts at the vtmost share of euery limbe.
My Husband's not the man I vvould haue had:
O my new thoughts to this braue sprightly Lord,

The insatiate Countesse.

Was fixt to that hid fire Louers feele:
Where vvas my minde before, that refin'd iudgement,
That represents rare objects to our passions?
Or did my lust beguile me of my fence?
Making me feast vpon such dangerous cates,
For present want, that needes must breede a surfeit:
How was I shipwrackt? yet *Isabella* thinke
Thy Husband is a noble Gentleman, young, wise,
And rich: thinke what Fate followes thee,
And nought but lust doth blinde thy worthy loue:
I will desist. O no, it may not be.
Euen as a head-strong Courser beares away
His Rider, vainely struiuing him to stay.
Or as a sodaine gale thrusts into Sea
The Hauen-touching Barke, now neare the lea:
So wauering *Cupid* brings me backe againe,
And purple Loue resumes his Darts againe:
Here of themselues, thy shafts come as if shot:
Better then I thy quiver knowes'em not

Enter Count Arsenia, and a Page.

Page. Madame: the Count.

Rog. So fell the Troian wanderer on the Greeke,
And bore away his rauisht prize to Troy:
For such a beautie, brighter then his *Dana*,
Loue should (me thinkes) now come himselfe againe:
Louely *Isabella*, I confesse me mortall:
Not worthy to serue thee in thought, I sweare,
Yet shall not this same ouer-flow of fauour
Diminish my vow'd dutie to your beauty.

Ifab. Your loue, my Lord, I blushingly proclaime it,
Hath power to draw me through a wildernesse,
Wer't arm'd with Furies, as with furious Beasts.
Boy, bid our Traine be ready, wee'll to horse. *Ex. Page.*
My Lord, I should say something, but I blush,
Courting is not befitting to our sexe.

Rog. Ile teach you how to woo,
Say you haue lou'd me long,

And

The insatiate Countesse.

And tell me that a womans feeble tongue
Was neuer tuned vnto a wooing-string;
Yet for my sake you will forget your sexe,
And court my Loue with strain'd Immodestie,
Then bid me make you happy with a kisse.

If. Sir, though women doe not woo, yet for your sake,
I am content to leaue that ciuill custome,
And pray you kisse mee.

Rog. Now vse some vnexpect vmbages,
To draw me further into *Vulcanes* Net.

Ifab. You loue not mee so well as I loue you.

Rog. Faire Lady, but I doe.

Ifab. Then shew your loue.

Rog. Why in this kisse I shew't, and in my vowed seruice,
This wooing shall suffice, 'tis easier farre
To make the current of a siluer-brooke
Conuert his flowing backward to his Spring,
Then turne a woman wooer. There's no cause
Can turne the setled course of Natures Lawes.

Ifab. My Lord, will you pursue the plot?

Rog. The Letter giues direction here for Paucie.
To horse, to horse: thus once *Eridace*,
With lookes regardiant, did the *Thracian* gaze,
And lost his gift, while he desir'd the sight.
But wiser I, lead by more powerfull charme;
Ide see the world winne thee from out mine arme.

Exeunt.

Enter at severall doores, CLARIDIANA and GUIDO.

Gui. Zounds, is the Huritano comming? *Claridiana* what's the *A* trampling

Clar. The Countesse of Sweuia has new taken horse. (matter? of Horses
Flye *Phæbus*, flye, the houre is fixe a clocke. heard.

Guid. Whither is shee going Signior?

Clarid. Euen as *Ioue* went to meete his simile.
To the Diuell I thinke.

Guido. You know not wherefore?

Clar. To say sooth I doe not.
So in immortall wise shall I ariue.

Guid. At the Gallowes. What in a passion Signior?

The insatiate Countesse.

Clarid. Zounds, doe not hold me sir :
Beautious *Thais*, I am all thine wholly.
The staffe is now aduancing for the Rest,
And when I tilt, *Mizaldus* aware thy Crest. *Exit.*

Enter ROBERTO, *in his Night-gowne, and Cap, with*
Servants, hee kneeles downe.

Guid. What's here ? the capring Cods-head tilting in the aire ?

Rob. The Gods send her no Horse, a poore olde age,
Eternall woe, and sicknesse lasting rage.

Guid. My Lord, you may yet o'er-take'em.

Rob. Furies supply that place, for I will not : no,
Shee that can forsake mee when pleasure's in the full,
Fresh and vntir'd, what would she on the least barren coldnes ?
I warrant you she has already got
Her Brauoes, and her Ruffians : the meanest whore
Will haue one buckler, but your great ones more.
The shores of Sicilie retaines not such a Monster,
Though to Galley-slaues they daily prostitute.
To let the Nuptiall Tapers giue light to her new lust,
Who would haue thought it ?

Shee that could no more forsake my company,
Then can the day forsake the glorious presence of the Sunne.
When I was absent, then her galled eyes
Would haue shed Aprill showers, and out-wept
The clouds in that same o'er-passionate moode :
When they drown'd all the world, yet now forsakes me :
Women your eyes shed glances like the Sunne :
Now shines your brightnesse, now your light is done.
On the sweetest Flowers you shine, 'tis but by chance,
And on the basest Weede you'll waste a glance.
Your beames once lost can neuer more be found :
Vnlesse we waite vntill your course runne round,
(And take you at fift hand.) Since I cannot
Enioy the noble title of a man,
But after-ages, as our vertues are
Buryed whilst we are liuing, will sound out
My infamie, and her degenerate shame;

Yet

The insatiate Countesse.

Yet in my life Ile smother't if I may,
And, like a dead man, to the world bequeath
These houses of vanitie, Mills, and Lands.
Take what you will, I will not keepe among you Seruants,
And welcome some religious Monasterie,
A true sworne Beads-man Ile hereafter be,
And wake the morning cocke with holy prayers.

Ser. Good my Lord: noble Master.

Rob. Disswade me not, my will shall be my King;
I thanke thee Wife, a faire change thou hast giuen,
I leaue thy lust to woo the Loue of Heauen. *Exit cum seruis.*

Guid. This is conuersion, is't not? as good as might haue beene,
He turnes religious vpon his Wiues turning Curtezan.
This is iust like some of our gallant Prodigals,
When they haue consum'd their Patrimonies wrongfully,
They turne Capuchins for deuotion, *Exit.*

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus tertij Scæna prima.

CLARIDIANA, and ROGERO being in a readinesse, are recei-
ued in at one anothers houses by their Maids.

*Then Enter MENDOSA, with a Page, to the Lady LENTVLVS
Window.*

Mendosa.

Night like a solemne Mourner frownes on earth,
Enuying that Day should force her doffe her robes,
Or *Phæbus* chase away her Melancholy.
Heauens eyes looke faintly through her sable masque,
And siluer *Cynthia* hyes her in her Sphære,
Scorning to grace blacke nights solemnitie.
Be vnpropitious Night to villaine thoughts,
But let thy Diamonds shine on vertuous loue:
This is the lower house of high-built heauen,

Where

The insatiate Countesse.

Where my chaste *Phæbe* sits, inthron'd 'mong thoughts
So purely good, brings her to heaven on earth,
Such power hath soules in contemplation.
Sing boy (though night yet) like the mornings Larke: *Musicke*
A soule that's cleare is light, though heaven be darke. *playes.*

The Lady LENTVLVS, at her window.

Lent. Who speaks in Musicke to vs?

Mend. Sweet, 'tis I. Boy, leaue me, and to bed. *Exit Page.*

Lent. I thanke you for your Musicke: now good-night.

Men. Leaue not the World yet, Queene of Chastitie,
Keepe promise with thy Loue *Endimion*,
And let mee meete thee there on Latmus top.
'Tis I whose vertuous hopes are firmly fixt
On the fruition of thy chaste vow'd loue.

Lent. My Lord, your honor made me promise your ascent into
my house, since my vow barr'd my doores,
By some wits engine, made for theft and lust:
Yet for your Honour, and my humble fame,
Checke your blouds passions, and returne deare Lord:
Suspition is a Dogge that still doth bite.
Without a cause, this act giues foode to Enuy;
Swolne big, it bursts, and poysons our cleare flames.

Men. Enuy is stingleffe when she lookes on thee.

Lent. Enuy is blinde, my Lord, and cannot see.

Men. If you breake promise, faire, you breake my hart.

Lent. Then come. Yet stay. Ascend. Yet let vs part.
I feare, yet know not what I feare:

Your Loue's precious, yet mine Honor's deare.

Mend. If I doe staine thy Honor with foule lust,
May Thunder strike me, to shew *Ioue* is iust.

Lent. Then come my Lord, on earth your vow is giuen.
This aide Ile lend you.

M. Thus I mount my heauen. *He throwes up a ladder of cords,*
Receiue me sweete. *which she makes fast to some part*

Lent. O me vnhappy wretch. *of the window, he ascends, and at*

top falls.
How fares your Honour? speake Fate-croft Lord.

If life retaine his seate within you, speake;

Else

The insatiate Countesse.

Else like that *Sestian* Dame, that saw her Loue,
Cast by the frowning billowes, on the sands,
And leane death swolne big with the *Hellepont*,
In bleake *Leanders* body, like his Loue,
Come I to thee, one graue shall serue vs both.

Mend. Stay miracle of women, yet I breathe,
Though death be enter'd in this Tower of flesh,
Hee is not conquerour, my heart stands out,
And yeelds to thee, scorning his tyranny.

Lent. My doores are vow'd shut, and I cannot helpe you.
Your wounds are mortall, wounded is mine Honour,
If there the Towne-guard finde you. Vnhappy Dame,
Reliefe is periur'd, my vow kept. shame.
What hellish Destinie did twist my fate?

Mend. Rest ceaze thine eye-lids, be not passionate:
Sweet sleepe secure, Ile remoue my selfe.
That Viper Enuy shall not spot thy fame:
Ile take that poyson with me, my soules rest,
For like a Serpent, Ile creepe on my breast.

Lent. Thou more then man, loue-wounded: ioy and grieve
fight in my bloud. Thy wounds and constancie
Are both so strong none can haue victory.

Mend. Darken the world, earths-Queene, get thee to bed;
The earth is light while those two Starres are spread:
Their splendor will betray me to mens eyes.
Vaile thy bright face: for if thou longer stay,
Phœbus will rise to thee, and make night day.

Lent. To part and leaue you hurt my soule doth feare.

Mend. To part from hence I cannot, you being there.

Lent. Wee'll moue together, then Fate Loue controules,
And as we part so bodies part from soules.

Mend. Mine is the earth, thine the refined fire:
I am mortall, thou diuine, then soule mount higher.

Lent. Why then take comfort sweet, Ile see'ou to morrow. *Exit.*

Men. My wounds are nothing, thy losse breeds my sorrow.
See now 'tis darke.

Support your Master, legges, a little further:

E

Faint

The insatiate Countesse.

Faint not bolde heart with anguish of my wound :
Try further yet, can bloud weigh downe my soule?
Desire is vaine without abilitie. *He staggers on, and*
Thus fals a Monarch, if Fate push at him. *then fals downe.*

Enter a Captaine and the Watch.

Cap. Come on my hearts, we are the Cities securitie, Ile giue you your charge, and then like Courtiers euery man spye out : let no man in my company be afraid to speake to a Cloake lined with Veluet, nor tremble at the sound of a gingling Spurre.

Watch. May I neuer be counted a cock of the game, if I feare Spurres : but be gelded like a Capon for the preseruing of my voyce.

Cap. Ile haue none of my Band refraine to search a veneriall house, though his Wifes sister be a lodger there : nor take two shillings of the Bawd to saue the Gentlemens credits that are aloft : and so like voluntary Pandars leaue them, to the shame of all Halbardiers.

2. Nay, for the Wenches, wee'll tickle them, that's flat.

Cap. If you meete a *Shenoiliero*, that's in the grosse phrase, a Knight, that swaggers in the streete, and being taken, has no money in his Purse to pay for his fees; it shall be a part of your duty to entreate me to let him goe.

1. O meruailous ! is there such *Shenoiliers* ?

2. Some 200. that's the least, that are reueal'd. *Mend. groanes.*

Cap. What groane is that ? bring a light. Who lyes there ?

It is the Lord *Mendosa*, kinsman to our Duke.

Speake good my Lord, relate your dire mischance :

Life like a fearefull seruant flies his Master,

Art must attone them, or th' whole man is lost.

Conuay him to a Surgeons, then returne :

No place shall be vnsearch'd vntill we finde

The truth of this mischance. Make hast againe. *Exit the Watch.*

Whose house is this stands open in, and search. *Manet Captaine.*

What guests that house containes, and bring them forth.

This Noble-mans misfortune stirs my quiet,

And fills my soule with fearefull fantasies.

But Ile vnwinde this Labyrinth of doubt,

Else

The insatiate Countesse.

Else industry shall lose part of it selfes labour.
Who haue we there? Signiors cannot you tell vs
How our Princes kinsman came wounded to the death
Nigh to your houses.

Rog. Hey-day; crosse-ruffe at midnight. Is't Christmas?
You goe a gaming to your neighbours house.

Clar. Dost make a Mummer of me Oxe-head?

Cap. Make answere Gentlemen, it doth concerne you.

Rog. Oxe-head will beare an action; Ile ha'the Law; Ile not
be yoakt. Beare vvitnesse Gentlemen, he calls me Oxe-head.

Cap. Doe you heare sir?

Clarid. Very well, very well, take Law and hang thy selfe, I
care not. Had she no other but that good face to doate vpon?
Ide rather she had dealt vvith a dangerous French-man, then
with such a Pagan.

Cap. Are you mad? answere my demaund.

Rog. I am as good a Christian as thy selfe,
Though my Wife haue now new christned mee.

Cap. Are you deafe, you make no answere?

Clar. Would I had had the circumcising of thee Iew, Ide ha'
Cut short your Cuckold-maker, I would ifaith, I would ifaith.

Cap. Away with them to prison; they'll answere better there.

Rog. Not to fast Gentlemen: vvhat's our crime?

Cap. Murther of the Dukes kinsman, Signior *Mendosa*.

Amb. Nothing else? vve did it, vve did it, vve did it.

Cap. Take heede Gentlemen vvhat you confesse.

Cl. Ile confesse any thing since I am made a foole by a knaue.
Ile be hang'd like an innocent, that's flat.

Rog. Ile not see my shame. Hempe in stead of a Quacksaluer,
you shall put out mine eyes, and my head shall be bought to make
Incke-hornes of.

Cap. You doe confesse the murder?

Clar. Sir, 'tis true,
Done by a faithlesse Christian and a Iew.

Cap. To prison vvith them, wee will heare no further,
The tongue betrayes the heart of guilty murder.

*Enter the
Watch, with
Claridiana
and Rogero
taken in one
anothers hou-
ses, in their
shirts and
night-gownes,
they see one
another.*

Exeunt Omnes.

The insatiate Countesse.

Enter Count GUIDO, ISABELLA, ANNA, and Servants.

Guid. Welcome to Paue sweet, and may this kille
Chafe Melancholy from thy company :

Speake my soules ioy, how fare you after trauaile.

Ifab. Like one that scapeth dangers on the Seas,
Yet trembles vvith cold feares being safe on land,
With bare imagination of what's past.

Guid. Feare keepe vvith cowards, aire-stars cannot moue.

Ifab. Feare in this kinde, my Lord, doth sweeten loue.

Guid. To thinke feare ioy (deare) I cannot coniecture.

Ifab. Feare's fire to feruencie,
Which makes loues sweet prone Nectar :
Trembling desire, feare, hope, and doubtfull leasure,
Distill from loue the Quintessence of pleasure.

Guid. Madame, I yeeld to you; Feare keeps vvith Loue,
My Oratorie is too weake against you :
You haue the ground of knowledge, vvise experience,
Which makes your argument inuincible.

Ifab. You are Times Scholler, and can flatter weaknesse.

Guid. Custome allowes it, and vve plainly see
Princes and women maintaine flatterie.

Ifab. Anna, goe see my Iewels and my Trunckes
Be aptly placed in their severall roomes. *Exit Anna.*

Enter GNIACA Count of Gaza, with Attendants.

My Lord, know you this Gallant? 'tis a compleate Gentleman.

Guid. I doe; 'tis Count *Gniaca*, my endeared friend.

Gniac. Welcome to Paue, vvelcome fairest Lady :
Your sight deare friend, is lifes restorative;
This day's the period of long-wish'd content,
More vvelcome to me then day to the vvorld,
Night to the vvearyed, or gold to a Mizer;
Such ioy feesles Friendship in Societie.

Ifab. A rare shap'd man : compare them both together,

Guid. Our loues are friendly twins, both at a birth;
The ioy you taste, that ioy doe I conceiue,
This day's the Iubile of my desire.

Ifab. He's fairer then he vvvas vvhen first I saw him.

This

The insatiate Countesse.

This little time makes him more excellent.

Gniac. Relate some newes. Harke you, what Lady's that
Be open breasted, so will I to thee.

They whisper.

Isab. Error did blinde him that paints Loue blinde;
For my Loue plainly iudges difference.
Loue is cleare sighted, and vvith Eagles eyes,
Vndazeled, lookes vpon bright Sunne-beam'd beauty:
Nature did rob her selfe, when she made him,
Blushing to see her vvorke excell her selfe,
Tis shape makes mankinde femelacie.

Forgiue me *Rogero*, 'tis my Fate
To loue thy friend, and quit thy loue vvith hate.
I must enioy him; let hope thy passions smother:
Faith cannot coole blood, Ile clip him, wer't my brother.
Such is the heate of my sincere affection,
Hell nor earth can keepe loue in subiection.

Gnia. I craue your Honors pardon my Ignorance
Of what you were, may gaine a curteous pardon.

Is. There needes no pardon, where there's no offence;
His tongue strikes Musicke rauishing my sense:
I must be sodaine, else desire confounds me.

Guid. What sport affords this Climate for delight?

Gnia. We'll hawke and hunt to day, as for to morrow
Varietie shall feede varietie.

Is. Dissimulation womens armour is,
Aide loue beliefe, and female constancie.
Oh, I am sicke my Lord, kinde *Rogero* helpe me.

Guido. Forfend it heauen, Madame sit; how fare you?
My liues best comfort speake, O speake sweet Saint.

Is. Fetch Art to keepe life, runne my Loue, I faint:
My vitall breath runnes coldly through my veynes,
I see leane Death vvith eyes imaginarie,
Stand fearefully before me: here my end
A vvife vnconstant, yet thy louing friend.

Gaid. As swift as thought, flie I to wish thee aide. *Exit.*

Isab. Thus innocence by craft is soone betraid.
My Lord *Gniaca*, 'tis your Art must heale me,

The insatiate Countesse.

I am loue-sicke for your loue; loue, loue, for louing :
I blush for speaking truth; faire Sir beleue me,
Beneath the Moone nought but your frowne can grieve me.

Gniaca. Lady, by heauen, me thinkes, this fit is strange.

Ifab. Count not my loue light for this sodaine change:
By *Cupids* Bow I sweare, and vwill avow,
I neuer knew true perfect loue till now.

Gniac. Wrong not your selfe, me, and your dearest friend,
Your loue is violent, and soone vwill end.
Loue is not Loue vnlesse Loue doth perseuer,
That loue is perfect loue, that loues for euer.

Ifab. Such loue is mine, beleue it vwell-shap'd youth,
Though vvomen vse to lye, yet I speake truth.
Giue sentence for my life or speedy death :
Can you affect me?

Gniac. I should belye my thoughts to giue deniall,
But then to friendship I must turne disloyall :
I vvill not vvrong my friend, let that suffice.

Ifab. Ile be a miracle, for loue a woman dyes, *Offers to stab*
Gn. Hold madame, these are soule killing passions. *her selfe.*
Ide rather vvrong my friend then you your selfe.

Ifab. Loue me, or else by *loue* death's but delaid :
My vow is fixt in heauen, feare shall not moue me,
My life is death vvith tortures' lesse you loue me.

Gnia. Giue me some respite, and I will resolue you.

Ifab. My heart denies it.
My bloud is violent, now or else neuer,
Loue me, and like loues Queene Ile fall before thee,
Inticing daliance from thee vvith my smiles,
And steale thy heart vvith my delicious kisses.
Ile study Art in loue, that in a rupture
Thy soule shall taste pleasures excellling nature.
Loue me, both Art and nature in large recompence,
Shall be profuse in rauishing thy sense.

Gni. You haue preuail'd, I am yours from all the world,
Thy wit and beauty haue entranc'd my soule :
I long for daliance, my bloud burnes like fire,

Hels

The insatiate Countesse.

Hels paine on earth is to delay desire.

Isab. I kilse thee for that breath, this day you hunt;
In midst of all your sports leaue you *Rogero*,
Returne to me whose life rests in thy sight,
Where pleasure shall make Nectar our delight.

Gniac. I condescend to what thy vvill implores me;
He that but now neglected thee, adores thee: *Enter*
But see here comes my friend, feare makes him tremble. *Rogero*

Isab. Women are witles that cannot dissemble: *Anna,*
Now I am sicke againe: where's my Lord *Rogero*? *Doctor.*
His loue and my health's vanish'd both together.

Gnid. Wrong not thy friend, deare friend, in thy extreames,
Here's a profound *Hipocrates*, my deare,
To minister to thee the spirit of health.

Isab. Your sight to me, my Lord, excels all Phisicke;
I am better farre (my Loue) then when you left me:
Your friend was comfortable to me at the last.
'Twas but a fit, my Lord, and now 'tis past.
Are all things ready sir?

Anna. Yes Madame, the house is fit.

Gnia. Desire in women is the life of wit. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter ABIGAL and THAIS at severall doores.

Abig. O partner, I am with childe of laughter, and none but
you can be my Mid-wife: was there euer such a game at Noddy?

Thais. Our Husbands thinke they are fore-men of the Iurie,
they hold the Hereticke point of Predestination, and sure they
are borne to be hanged.

Abig. They are like to proue men of iudgement, but not
for killing of him that's yet aliue, and well recovered.

Thais. As soone as my man saw the Watch come vp,
All his spirit was downe.

Abig. But though they haue made vs good sport in speech,
They did hinder vs of good sport in action.
O wench, imagination is strong in pleasure.

Thais. That's true: for the opinion my Good-man had of
enjoying you, made him doe wonders.

A. Why shold weake man, that is so soone satisfied, desire variety?

Thais.

The insatiate Countesse.

Thais. Their answer is, to feede on Pheasants continually would breede a loathing.

Abigall. Then if vve seeke for strange flesh that haue stomackes at will, 'tis pardonable.

Thais. I, if men had any feeling of it, but they iudge vs by themselves.

Abig. Well, we vwill bring them to the Gallows, and then, like kinde virgins, begge their liues, and after liue at our pleasures, and this bridle shall still reyne them.

Thais. Faith, if vve were disposed, we might seeme as safe, As if we had the broad scale to warrant it:

But that nights worke vwill sticke by me this forty weekes.

Come, shall we goe visit the discontented Lady *Lentulus*?

Whom the Lord *Mendosa* has confest to his Chirurgion, He vwould haue rob'd? I thought great men would but Hauere rob'd the poore, yet he the rich.

Abig. He thought that the richer purchase, though vwith the worse conscience: but vvee'll to comfort her, and then goe heare our Husbands lamentations. They say mine has compiled an vngodly volume of Satyres against women, and cals his booke *The Snarle*.

Thais. But he's in hope his booke will saue him.

Ab. God defend that it should, or any that snarle in that fashion.

Tha. Well wench, if I could be metamorphosed into thy shape, I should haue my husband pliant to me in his life, And soone rid of him: for being weary vwith his continuall motion, He'de dye of a consumption.

Abig. Make much of him, for all our wanton prize, Follow the Prouerbe, *Merry be and wise.* *Exeunt.*

Enter ISABELLA, ANNA, and Seruants.

Isab. Time that deuour'st all mortalitie,
Runnes swiftly these few houres,
And bring *Gniaca* on thy aged shoulders,
That I may clip the rarest modell of creation.
Doe this gentle Time
And I vwill curl thine aged siluer locke,
And dally vwith thee in delicious pleasure.

Medea

The insatiate Countesse.

Medea-like I will renew thy youth;
But if thy frozen steps delay my loue,
Ile poyson thee with murder, curse thy pathes,
And make thee know a time of infamy.

Anna, giue watch, and bring me certaine notice
When Count *Gniaca* doth approach my house.

An. Madame I goe.
I am kept for pleasure, though I neuer taste it.
For 'tis the vsuers office still to couer
His Ladyes priuate meetings with her Louer.

Exit.

Isab. Desire, thou quenchleesse flame that burn'st our soules,
Cease to torment me;
The dewe of pleasure shall put out thy fire,
And quite consume thee with satietie.
Lust shall be cool'd with lust, wherein Ile proue,
The life of loue is onely sau'd by loue.

Enter Anna.

An. Madame, hee's comming.

Isab. Thoublessed *Mercurie*,
Prepare a banquet fit to please the Gods;
Let Sphære-like Musicke breathe delicious tones
Into our mortall eares; perfume the house
With odoriferous sents, sweeter then Myrrhe,
Or all the Spices in *Panchus*:
His sight and touching wee will recreate,
That his five Senses shall be five-fold happy.
His breath like Roses casts out sweete perfume;
Time now with pleasure shall it selfe consume.
How like *Adonis* in his hunting weedes,
Lookes this same Goddesse tempter?
And art thou come? this kisse entrance thy soule.
Gods I doe not enuy you; for know this
Way's here on earth compleate, excels your blisse:
Ile not change this nights pleasure vvith you all.

*Enter Gniaca
in his hunting
weedes.*

Gniac. Thou creature made by Loue, compos'd of pleasure,
That mak'st true vse of thy creation,
In thee both vvit and beauty's resident;
Delightfull pleasure, vnpeer'd excellence.

The insatiate Countesse.

This is the fate fixt fast vnto thy birth,
That thou alone shouldst be mans heauen on earth:
If I alone may but enioy thy loue,
Ile not change earthly ioy to be heauens *loue*:
For though that vvomen haters now are common,
They all shall know earths ioy consists in woman.

Isab. My loue was dotage till I loued thee;
For thy soule truely tastes our petulance,
Conditionis Louer, *Cupids* Intelligencer,
That makes man vnderstand what pleasure is:
These are fit attributes vnto thy knowledge;
For womens beautie o'er men beare that rule.
Our power commands the rich, the vvise, the foole.
Though scorne growes big in man in growth & stature,
Yet vvomen are the rarest workes in nature.

Gnia. I doe confesse the truth, and must admire
That women can command rare mans desire.

Isab. Cease admiration, sit to *Cupids* feast,
The preparation to *Papheon* daliance,
Hermonious Musicke breathe thy siluer Ayres,
To stirre vp appetite to *Venus* banquet,
That breath of pleasure that entrances soules,
Making that instant happinesse a heauen,
In the true taste of loues deliciousnesse.

Gniac. Thy vvordes are able to stirre cold desire,
Into his flesh that lyes emtomb'd in Ice,
Hauing lost the feeling vse of warmth in bloud,
Then how much more in me, whose youthfull veynes,
Like a proud Riuer, ouer-flow their bounds?
Pleasures *Ambrosia*, or loues nourisher,
I long for priuacie; come, let vs in,
'Tis custome, and not reason makes loue sinne.

Isab. Ile leade the way to *Venus* Paradise,
Where thou shalt taste that fruit that made man wise. *Exit Isab.*

Gnia. Sing notes of pleasure to elate our blond:
Why should heauen frowne on ioyes that doe vs good?
I come *Isabella* keeper of loues treasure,
To force thy bloud to lust, and rauish pleasure. *Exit.*

After

The insatiate Countesse.

*After some short Song enter ISABELLA and GNIACA againe,
she hanging about his necke lacinioufly.*

Gniac. Still I am thy captiue, yet thy thoughts are free:
To be Loues bond-man is true libertie.
I haue swomme in seas of pleasure without ground,
Vntous desire past depth it selfe hath drownd.
Such skill has beauties Art in a true loue,
That dead desire to life it can recouer.
Thus beauty our desire can soone aduance,
Then straight againe kill it with daliance.
Diuinest women, your enchanting breaths
Giue Louers many lifes and many deaths.

Isab. May thy desire to me for euer last,
Not dye by surfet on my delicates:
And as I tye this Iewell about thy necke,
So may I tie thy constant loue to mine,
Neuer to seeke weaking varietie,
That greedy curse of mans and womans hell,
Where nought but shame and loath'd diseases dwell.

Gniac. You counsell well, deare, learne it then;
For change is giuen more to you then men.

Isab. My faith to thee, like rockes, shall neuer moue,
The Sunne shall change his course ere I my loue. *Enter Anna.*

Anna. Madame, the Count *Rogero* knockes.

Isab. Deare Loue into my chamber, till I send
My hate from sight.

Gniac. Lust makes me wrong my friend. *Exit Gniaca.*

Isab. *Anna*, stand here, and entertaine Lord *Rogero*.
I from my window straight will giue him answere.

The Serpents vvit to woman rest in me,
By that man fell, then vvhy not he by me?

Fain'd sighes and teares dropt from a womans eye,
Blindes man of reason, strikes his knowledge dumbe:

Wit armes a vvoman, Count *Rogero* come. *Exit Isabella.*

Anna. My office still is vnder: yet in time
Vshers proue Masters, degrees makes vs climbe. *Guido knockes.*
Who knockes? is't you my noble Lord?

The insatiate Countesse.

Enter GUIDO in his hunting weedes.

Guid. Came my friend hither, Count Gniaca?

An. No, my good Lord.

Guid. Where's my *Isabella*?

An. In her Chamber.

Guid. Good: Ile visit her.

An. The chamber's lockt my Lord: shee will be priuate.

Guid. Lockt against me, my sawcy mallapert?

An. Be patient good my Lord: shee'll giue you answere.

Guid. *Isabella* life of loue, speake, 'tis I that cals. *Isab. at her*

Isab. I must desire your Lordship pardon me. *window.*

Guid. Lordship? what's this? *Isabella*, art thou blinde?

Isab. My Lord, my lust was blinde, but now my soule's cleare
And sees the spots that did corrupt my flesh: (sighted,
Those tokens sent from hell, brought by desire,
The messenger of euerlasting death.

Anna. My Lady's in her Pulpit, now shee'll preach.

Guid. Is not thy Lady mad? in veritie I alwayes
Tooke her for a Puritane, and now shee shewes it.

Isab. Mocke not Repentance. Prophanation
Brings mortals laughing to damnation.
Beleeue it Lord, *Isabella's* ill past life,
Like gold refin'd, shall make a perfect Wife.
I stand on firme ground now, before on Ice;
We know not vertue till wee taste of vice.

Guid. Doe you heare dissimulation, woman sinner?

Isab. Leaue my house good my Lord, and for my part,
I looke for a most vvisht reconciliation
Betwixt my selfe and my most wronged Husband.
Tempt not contrition then religious Lord.

Guid. Indeede I vvas one of your familie once:
But doe not I know these are but braine-trickes:
And where the Diuell has the Fee-simple, he will keep possession.
And will you halt before me that your selfe has made a criple?

Isab. Nay, then you wrong me: and disdained Lord,
I paid thee for thy pleasures vendible,
Whose mercenary flesh I bought with coyne,

I will

The insatiate Countesse.

I vwill diuulge thy basenesse, 'lesse vvith speede
Thou leaue my house and my societie.

Guid. Already turn'd apostate, but now all pure,
Now damn'd your faith is, and loues endure
Like dewe vpon the grasse, when pleasures Sunne
Shines on your vertues, all your vertue's done.
Ile leaue thy house and thee, goe get thee in,
Thou gaudy childe of pride, and nurse of sinne.

Isab. Raile not on me my Lord; for if you doe,
My hot desire of vengeance shall strike wonder;
Reuenge in woman fals like dreadfull thunder. *Exit.*

Anna. Your Lordship will command me no further seruice?

Guid. I thanke thee for thy vvatchfull seruice past;
Thy vsler-like attendance on the Staires,
Being true signes of thy Humilitie.

Anna. I hope I did discharge my place with care.

Guid. Vslers should haue much vvitt, but little haire;
Thou hast of both sufficient: prethee leaue mee,
If thou hast an honest Lady, commend me to her,
But shee is none. *Exit Anna, manet Guido.*

Farewell thou priuate strumpet worse then common.
Man were on earth an Angell but for woman,
That seauen-fold branch of hell from them doth grow,
Pride, Lust, and Murder, they raise from below,
With all their fellow sinnes. Women were made
Of blood, without soules: vvhen their beauties fade,
And their lust's past, avarice or bawdry
Makes them still lou'd: then they buy venerie,
Bribing damnation, and hire brothell slaues.
Shame's their executors, Infamie their graues.
Your painting vvill wipe off, vvich Art did hide,
And shew your vgly shape in spite of pride.
Farewell *Isabella* poore in soule and fame,
I leaue thee rich in nothing but in shame.
Then soulelesse women know, whose faiths are hollow,
Your lust being quenched, a bloody act must follow. *Exit.*

Finis Actus tertij.

The insatiate Countesse.

Actus quarti Scæna prima.

*Enter the Duke of Amago, the Captaine, and the rest of the
Watch, with the Senators.*

Duke.

Iustice that makes Princes like the Gods, drawes vs vnto the Se-
That with vnpartiall ballance wee may poyse (nate,
The crimes and innocence of all offenders,
Our presence can chase bribery from Lawes :
He best can iudge, that heares himselfe the cause.

1 Senat. True mighty Duke, it best becomes our places,
To haue our light from you the Sonne of Vertue,
Subiect Authoritie, for gaine, loue or feare
Oft quits the guilty, and condemnes the cleare.

Duke. The Land and people's mine, the crimes being knowne,
I must redresse my subiects wrong's, mine owne.
Call for the two suspected for the murder
Of *Mendosa*, our endered kinsman. These voluntary murderers
That confesse the Murder of him that is yet aliue.
Wee'll sport vvith serious Iustice for a vvhile,
In shew wee'll frowne on them that make vs smile.

2 Sen. Bring forth the Prisoners we may heare their answeres.

*Enter (brought in with Officers) CLARIDIANA, and
MIZALDVS.*

Duke. Stand forth you Vipers, that haue suck'd bloud,
And lopt a branch sprung from a royall tree:
What can you answer to escape tortures?

Rog. We haue confest the fact my Lord, to God and man,
Our ghostly father, and that worthy Captaine :
We beg not life but fauourable death.

Duke. On what ground sprung your hate to him we lou'd?

Clarid. Vpon that curse laid on Venecians ielousie.
Wee thought he being a Courtier, would haue made vs Magni-
fices of the right stampe, and haue plaid at Primero in the
presence, vvith gold of the Citie brought from our Indies.

Rog.

The insatiate Countesse.

Rog. Nay more, my Lord, vve feared that your kinsman for a melle of Sonnets, would haue giuen the plot of vs and our wiues, to some needy Poet, and for sport and profit brought vs in some Venician Comedy vpon the Stage.

Duke. Our Iustice dwels with mercy; be not desperate.

1 Sen. His Highnesse faine vvould saue your liues if you would see it.

Rog. All the Law in Venice shall not saue mee, I vvill not be saued.

Clar. Feare not, I haue a tricke to bring vs to hanging in spite of the Law.

Rog. Why now I see thou louest me; thou hast cōfirm'd Thy friendship for euer to me by these vvordes.

Why, I should neuer heare Lanthorne and candle call'd for,
But I should thinke it was for me and my Wife.

Ile hang for that, forget not thy tricke.

Vpon'em with thy tricke, I long for sentence.

2 Sen. Will you appeale for mercy to the Duke?

Clar. Kill not thy Iustice Duke, to saue our liues;
We haue deserued death.

Rog. Make not vs presidents for after wrongs,
I will receiue punishment for my sinnes,
It shall be a meanes to lift me towards heauen.

Clar. Let's haue our desert; we craue no fauour.

Duke. Take them asunder, graue Iustice makes vs mirth,
That man is soulelesse that ne'er sinnes on earth.

Signior *Mizaldus*, relate the weapon you kill'd him with, and the manner.

Rog. My Lord, your lustfull kinsman, I can tittle him no better, came sneaking to my house like a Promoter to spye flesh in the Lent: now I hauing a Venecian spirit, watcht my time, and with my Rapier runne him through, knowing all paines are but trifles to the horne of a Citizen.

Duke. Take him aside. Signior *Claridiana*, what weapon had you for this bloody act? vvhat dart vs'd Death?

Clar. My Lord, I brain'd him with a leauer my neighbour lent me, and he stood by and cryed strike home olde boy.

Duke. With seuerall Instruments. Bring them face to face.

With

The insatiate Countesse.

With what kill'd you our Nephew ?

Rog. With a Rapier Leige. *Clar.* Tis a lye,
I kill'd him with a leauer, and thou stood'st by.

Rog. Dost think to saue me & hang thy selfe? no I scorne it; is this
the trick thou said'st thou had'st : I kill'd him Duke.
Hee onely gaue consent : 'twas I that did it.

Clar. Thou hast alwayes beene crosse to me, and wilt be to my
death. Haue I taken all this paines to bring thee to hanging, and
dost thou slip now ?

Rog. We shall neuer agree in a tale till we come to the gallowes,
then we shall iumpe.

Clar. Ile shew you a crosse-point, if you crosse me thus,
When thou shalt not see it.

Rog. Ile make a wry mouth at that, or it shall cost me a fall :
'Tis thy pride to be hang'd alone, because thou scorn'st my com-
pany : but it shall be knowne I am as good a man as thy selfe, and
in these actions will keepe company with thy betters lew.

Clar. Monster. *Rog.* Dog-killer. *Clar.* Fencer. *They bustle.*
Duke. Part them, part'em.

Rog. Hang vs, and quarter vs, we shall ne'er be parted til then.

Duke. You doe confesse the murther done by both.

Clar. But that I vvould not haue the slaue laugh at mee,
And count me a coward, I haue a very good mind to liue, *Aside.*
But I am resolute : 'tis but a turne. I doe confesse.

Rog. So doe I,
Pronounce our doome, wee are prepar'd to dye.

1 Sen. We sentence you to hang till you be dead :
Since you were men eminent in place and vvorth,
We giue a Christian buriall to you both, (agree.

Clar. Not in one graue together we beseech you, wee shall ne'er

Rog. He scornes my company, till the day of Iudgement,
Ile not hang vvith him.

Duke. You hang together, that shall make you friends,
An euerlasting hatred death soone ends :
To prison with them till the day of death;
Kings words, like Fate, must neuer change their breath.

Rog. You malice-monger, Ile be hang'd afore thee,
And't be but to vex thee.

Clar.

The insatiate Countesse.

Cla. Ile doe you as good a turne as the hangman, & shall fall out:

Exeunt ambo guarded.

*Enter MENDOZA in his night gowne and cap guarded,
with the Captaine.*

Duke. Now to our kinsman, shame to royall blood,
Bring him before vs.

Theft in a Prince is sacrilege to honour

'Tis vertues scandall, death of Royalty,

I blush to see my shame; Nephew sit downe

Iustice that smiles on those on him must frowne,

Speake freely Captaine, where found you him wounded?

Capt. Betweene the widowes house & these crosse neighbors,

Besides an Artificiall laddder made of ropes

Was fastned to her window which he confest

He brought to rob her of Jewels and coine.

My knowledge yeelds no further circumstance,

Duke. Thou know'st too much, would I were past all know-
ledge,

I might forget my griefe springs from my shame,

Thou monster of my blood, answere in brieft

To these Assertions made against thy life.

Is thy soule guilty of so base a fact?

Mend. I doe confesse I did intend to rob her.

In the attempt I fell and hurt my selfe

Lawes thunder is but death, I dread it not,

So my *Lentulus* honor be preserv'd

From black suspition of a lustfull night.

Duke. Thy head's thy forfeit for thy harts offence,

Thy bloods prerogative may claime that fauour,

Thy person then to death doomb'd by iust lawes,

Thy death is infamous, but worse the cause.

Enter ISABELLA alone GVIAKA following her.

Isabella. O heau'ns that I was borne to be hates slaue,

The foode of Rumor, that deuour's my fame;

I am call'd Insatiate Countesse lusts paramowre

A glorious Diuell, and the noble whore.

The insatiate Countesse.

I am sick, vext, and tormented, O reuenge.

Guiaca. On whom would my *Isabella* be reueng'd?

Isab. Vpon a Viper, that does ger mine honour,
I will not name him till I be reueng'd,

See, her's the Libels are diuulg'd against me,

An euerlasting scandall to my name.

And thus the villen writes in my disgrace.

She reads. Who loues *Isabella* the insatiate,

Needs *Atlas* back for to content her lust,

That wandring Strumpet, and chaste wedlockes hate,

That renders truth: deceipt, for loyall trust,

That sacrilegious thiefe to *Himens* rights,

Making her lust her God, heau'n her delights.

Swell not proud heart, Ile quench thy griefe in blood,

Desire in woman cannot be withstood.

Guiaca. Ile be thy champion sweet gainst all the world,

Name but the villaine that defames thee thus.

Isab. Dare thy hand execute, whom my tongue condemnes,

Then art thou truly valiant, mine for euer,

But if thou fain'st, hate must our true loue seuer.

Guiaca. By my dead fathers soule, my mothers vertues,

And by my knight hood and gentilitie; Ile be reueng'd

On all the Authors of your Obloquie: Name him.

Isab. Rogero.

Guiaca. Ha.

Isab. What does his name affright thee coward Lord?

Be mad *Isabella*, curse on thy reuenge,

This Lord was knighted for his fathers worth,

Not for his owne.

Farewell thou periur'd man, Ile leaue you all,

You all conspire to worke mine honors fall.

Guia. Stay my *Isabella*, were he my fathers sonne,

Composed of me, he dies,

Delight still keepe with thee: goe in.

Isabella. Thou art iust:

Reuenge to me is sweeter now then lust.

Enter

The insatiate Countesse.

*Enter GUIDO: they see one another and draw and make
a passe, then enter ANNA.*

Anna. What meane you Nobles, will you kill each other?

Ambo. Hold.

Guido. Thou shame to friendship, what intends thy hate?

Guiaca. Loue Armes my hand, makes my soule valiant,
Isabellas wrongs now sits vpon my sword,
To fall more heauie to thy cowards head,
Then thunderbolts vpon *Ioues* rifted Oakes:
Deny thy scandall, or defend thy life.

Guido. What? hath thy faith and and reason left thee both?
That thou art onely flesh without a soule:
Hast thou no feeling of thy selfe and me?
Blind rage that will not let thee see thy selfe.

Guiaca. I come not to dispute but execute:
And thus comes death. *Another passe.*

Guido. And thus I breake thy dart, her's at thy whores face.

Guiaca. 'Tis mist: here's at thy heart, stay, let vs breath.

Guido. Let reason gouerne rage, yet let vs leaue,
Although most wrong be mine, I can forgiue:
In this attempt, thy shame will euer liue.

Guiaca. Thou hast wrong'd the Phenix of all women rarest,
She that's most wise, most louing, chaste and fairest.

Guid. Thou dote'st vpon a diuell, not a woman,
That ha's bewicht thee with her Sorcerie,
And drown'd thy soule in leathy faculties,
Her vselesse lust has benumb'd thy knowledge,
Thy intellectuall powers, obliuion smothers,
That thou art nothing but forgetfulnesse.

Guiaca. What's this to my *Isabella*, my sinnes mine owne,
Her faults were none, vntill thou madest 'em knowne.

Guido. Leaue her, and leaue thy shame where first thou
found'st it;
Else liue a bondslaue to diseased lust,
Deuour'd in her gulf-like appetite
And infamy shall write thy Epitaph,

The insatiate Countesse.

Thy memory leaues nothing but thy crimes,
A scandall to thy name in future times.

Guia. Put vp your weapon, I dare here you further,
Insatiate lust is Sire still to murther.

Guido. Beleue it friend, if her heart bloud were vext,
Though you kill me, new pleasure makes you next:
She lou'd me deerer, then she loues you now,
Shee'll nere be faithfull, has twice broke her vow.
This curse pursues femall Adulterie,
They'l swimme through blood for sinnes varietie:
Their pleasure like a sea groundlesse and wide,
A womans lust was neuer satisfied.

Guia. Feare whispers in my brest, I haue a soule
That blushes red, for tending bloody facts,
Forgiue me friend, if I can be forgiuen,
Thy counsell is the path leades me to heauen.

Guid. I doe embrace thy recontiled loue.

Guiaca. That death or danger, now shall ne'er reimoue,
Goe tell thy Insatiate Countesse *Anna*,
We haue escap't the snares of her false Loue,
Vowing for euer to abandon her.

Guid. You haue heard our Resolution, pray be gone.

Anna. My office euer rested at your pleasure,
I was the *Indian*, yet you had the treasure.
My faction often sweates, and oft takes cold,
Then gilde true diligence o'er with gold.

Guia. Thy speech deseru's it there's gold, *giues her gold.*
Be honest now, and not loues Noddy,
Turn'd vp and plaid on whil'st thou keep'st the stock,
Prethe formally let's ha thy absence.

Anna. Lords farewell. *Exit Anna.*

Guido. Tis Whores and Panders, that makes earth like hell.

Guiaca. Now I am got out of lusts Laborinth,
I will to Venice, for a certaine time,
To recreate my much abused spirits,
And then reuisit *Pani* and my friend,

Guido. He

The insatiate Countesse.

Guido. Ile bring you on your way but must returne,
Lust is like *Aetna*, and will euer burne.

Yet now desire is quench't flam'd once in height:
Till man knowes hell, he neuer has firme faith. *Exeunt Ambo.*

Enter Isabella raving, and Anna.

Isabella. Out scritch-Owle messenger of my reuenges death
Thou do'st belye *Guiaca* 'tis not so.

Anna. Vpon mine honestie they are vnited.

Isabella. Thy honestie? thou vassaile to my pleasure take
that, *Strike her.*

Dar'st thou controule me, when I say no?

Art not my footestoolle, did not I create thee?

And made thee gentle, being borne a begger:

Thou hast beene my womans *Pandar* for a crowne,

And dost thou stand vpon thy honestie?

Anna. I am, what you please Madame. Yet 'tis so.

Isab. Slaue, I will slit thy tongue, lesse thou say no.

Anna. No, no, no Madame.

Isabella. I haue my humour, though they now be false,
Faint-hearted coward get thee from my sight,

When villaine? hast, and come not nere me.

Anna. Madame: I run, her sight like death doth feare me. *Ex.*

Isabella. Perfidious cowards, staine of Nobilitie,
Venecians, and be reconcil'd with words:

O that I had *Guiaca* once more here,

Within this prison, made of flesh and bone,

I'de not trust Thunder with my fell reuenge,

But mine owne hands, should doe the dire exploit,

And fame should Chronicle a womans acts:

My rage respects the persons not the facts.

There place and worths hath power to defame me,

Meane hate is stinglesse, and does onely name me:

I not regard it, 'tis high bloud that swels,

Giue me reuenge, and damne me into hels.

The insatiate Countesse.

*Enter Don Sago a Coronell, with a band of Souldiers
and a Lieutenant.*

A gallant Spaniard, I will heare him speake,
Griefe must be speechlesse, ere the heart can breake.

Sago. Lieutenant let good Discipline be vs'd
In quartring of our Troops within the Citie,
Not seperated into many streetes,
That shewes weake loue, but not sound policie.
Diuision in small numbers makes all weake,
Forces vnited are the nerues of warre,
Mother and nurse of obseruation.
Whose rare ingenious spright, fills all the world
By looking on it selfe with piercing eyes,
Will looke through strangers imbecilities:
Therefore be carefull.

Lieft. All shall be ordred fitting your command,
For these three gifts which makes a Souldiour rare,
Is loue and dutie with a valiant care. *Exiunt. Lieft. & Souldiors.*

Sago. What rarietie of women feeds my sight,
And leades my senses in a maze of wonder?

Sees her

Bellona, thou wert my mistris till I saw that shape
But now my sword, Ile consecrate to her,
Leaue *Mars* and become *Cupids* Martialist,
Beauty can turne the rugged face of warre,
And make him smile vpon delightfull peace,
Courting her smoothly like a femallist,
I grow a slaue vnto my potent loue,
Whose power change hearts, make our fate remoue.

Isabella. Reuenge nor, Pleasure now ore-rules my blood,
Rage shall drown faint loue in a crimson flood,
And were he caught, I'de make him murders hand.

Sago. Me thinkes 'twere ioy to die at her command,
Ile speake to heare her speech, whose powerfull breath,
Is able to infuse life into death.

Isabella. He comes to speake: hee's mine, by loue he is mine.

Sago. Lady, thinke bold intrusion curtesie,

'Tis

The insaine Countesse.

Tis but imagination alters them,
Th en'tis your thoughts, not I, that doe offend.

Isabella. Sir, your intrusion yet's but eurtetic,
V nlesse your future humor alter it.

Sago. Why then Diuineſt woman, know my ſoule
Is dedicated to thy ſhrine of beauty,
To pray for mercy, and repent the wrongs
Done againſt loue, and ſemall puritie.
Thou abſtract drawne from natures empty ſtore-houſe,
I am thy ſlaue, command my ſword, my heart
The ſoule is tri'd beſt by the bodie's ſmart.

Isabella. You are a ſtranger to this land and me,
What madneſſe iſt for me to truſt you then?
To coſen women iſt a trade mongſt men,
Smooth promiſes, faint paſſions with a lye,
Deceiues our ſex of fame and chaſtite.
What danger durſt you hazard for my loue?

Sago. Perils that that neuer mortall durſt approue.
Ile double all the workes of *Hercules*,
Expoſe my ſelfe in combat 'gainſt an Hoſte,
Meete danger in a place of certaine death,
Yet neuer ſhrinke, or giue way to my Fate;
Barc-breſted meete the murderous *Tartars* dart,
Or any fatall Engine made for death:
Such power ha's loue and beauty from your eyes,
He that dies reſolute, does neuer die:
'Tis feare giues death his ſtrength, which I reſiſted,
Death iſt but emptie Aire, the Fates haue twiſted.

Iſab. Dare you reuenge my quarrell, 'gainſt a foe?

Sago. Then aſke me if I dare embrace you thus,
Or kiſſe your hand, or gaze on your bright eye,
Where *Cupid* dances, on thoſe globes of loue,
Feare iſt my vaſſall, when I frowne he flies,
A hundred times in life, a coward dies.

Isabella. I not ſuſpect your valor, but your will.

Sago. To gaine your loue, my fathers bloud Ile ſpill.

Iſab.

The insatiate Countesse.

Isab. Many haue sworne the like, yet broke their vow:

Sago. My whole endeuour to your wish shall bow,
I am your plague to scourge your enemies,

Isabella. Performe your promise, and enioy your pleasure,
Spend my loues Dowry, that is womens treasure:
But if thy resolution dread the triall,
Ile tell the world, a Spaniard was disloyall.

Sago. Relate your grieve, I long to heare their names,
Whose bastard spirits, thy true worth defames:
Ile wash thy scandall off, when their hearts bleeds,
Valour makes difference betwixt words and deeds.
Tell thy fames poison, blood shall wash thee white,

Isab. My spotlesse honor, is a flauie to spite:
These are the monsters Venice doth bring forth,
Whose emptie foules are bankrupt of true worth.
False Count *Guido*, treacherous *Guiaca*,
Countesse of *Gazia*, and of rich *Massino*.
Then if thou beest a Knight, help the opprest,
Through danger safetie comes, through trouble rest.
And so my loue.

Sago. Ignoble villens, their best bloud shall proue,
Reuenge fals heauy, that is rais'd by loue.

Isab. Thinke what reproch is to a womans name,
Honor'd by birth, by marriage, and by beautie:
Be God on earth, and reuenge innocence,
O worthy Spaniard, on my knees I begge,
Forget the persons, thinke on their offence.

Sago. By the white soule of honour, by heau'ns Ioue:
They die if their death can attaine your loue.

Isab. Thus will I clip thy waste, embrace thee thus:
Thus dally with thy haire, and kisse thee thus:
Our Pleasures Pothean-like in sundry shapcs,
Shall with varietie stirre daliance.

Sago. I am immortall, O diuine creature:
Thou do'st excell the Gods, in wit and feature.
False Counts you die, reuenge now shakes his rods:

Beautie

The insatiate Countesse.

Beautie condemnes you, stronger then the Gods.

Isab. Come Mars of louers, Vulcan is not here,
Make vengeance like my bed, quite voide offeare.

Sago. My senses are intransit, and in this slumber,
I taste heau'ns ioyes, but cannot count the number. *Ex. Ambo.*

Enter LADY LENTVLVS, ABIGALL and THAIS.

Abigal. Well Madame: you see the destinie that followes
marriage,

Our husbands are quiet now, and must suffer the law.

Thais. If my husband had beene worth the begging some
Courtier would haue had him: he might be beg'd well inough,
for he knowes not his owne wife from another.

Lady Lent. O you'r a couple of trusty wenches, to deceiue
your husbands thus.

Abig. If wee had not deceiu'd them thus, we had been Trust
wenches.

Thais. Our husbands will be hang'd, because they thinke
themselu's Cuckolds.

Abig. If all true Cuckolds were of that minde, the hangman
would be the richest occupation, and more wealthie widdowes,
then there be yonger brothers to marry them.

Thais. The Marchant venturers would be a very small com-
panie.

Abag. 'Tis twelue to one of that, how euer the rest scape,
I shall feare a massacre.

Thais. If my husband hereafter for his wealth chance to
be dub'd:

I'll haue him cal'd the Knight of the supposed horne.

Abag. Faith, and it sounds well.

Lady. Come madcaps leaue iesting, and let's deliuer them
out of their earthly purgation; you are the spirits that torment
them: but my loue and Lord, kinde *Mendosa*, will loose his
life, to preferue mine honor, not for hate to others.

Abig. By my troth, if I had beene his iudge, I should haue
hang'd him for hauing no more wit, I speake as I thinke, for I
would not be hang'd for ne'er a man vnder the heau'ns.

H

Thais.

The insatiate Countesse.

Thais. Faith, I thinke I should for my Husband. I doe not hold the opinion of the *Philosopher*, that writes we loue them best, that we inioy first: for I protest I loue my husband better then any that did know me before.

Abig. So doe I, yet life and pleasure are two sweet things to a woman.

Lady. He that's willing to die to saue mine honor, I'll die to saue his.

Abig. Tut: beleue it who that list, wee loue a liuely man I grant you:

But to maintaine that life, I'll ne're consent to die.

This is a rule I still will keepe in brest,

Loue well thy husband wench, but thy selfe best.

Thais. I haue followed your counsell hetherto, and meane to doe still.

Lady. Come: we neglect our businesse, 'tis no iesting,
Tomorrow they are executed leasse we reprieue them,
Wee be their destinies to cast their fate.
Let's all goe.

Abig. I feare not to come late. *Exeunt.*

Enter DON SAGO SOLVS with a case of Pistols.

Sago. Day was my night, and night must be my day:

The sunne shin'd on my pleasure, with my lone,

And darknesse must lend aide to my reuenge,

The stage of heau'n, is hung with solemne black,

A time best fitting, to Act Tragedies,

The nights great Queene, that maiden gouernesse

Musters black clouds, to hide her from the world,

Afraide to looke on my bold enterprife.

Curs'd creatures messengers of death, possesse the world,

Night-Rauens, scritch-owles, and vote-killing Mandrakes,

The ghosts of misers, that imprison'd gold,

Within the harmelesse bowels of the earth,

Are nights companions: bawdes to lust and murder,

Be all propitious, to my Act of iustice:

Vpon the scandalizers of her fame,

Thai

The insatiate Countesse.

That is the life-blood of delicioufnesse,
Deem'd *Isabella*, *Cupids* Treasurer,
Whose soule contains the richest gifts of loue:
Her beautie from my heart, feare doth expell;
They rellish pleasure best, that dread not hell.
Who's there?

Enter Count Rogero.

Rogero. A friend to thee, if thy intents be iust & honorable.

Sago. Count *Rogero*, speake, I am the watch.

Rogero. My name is *Rogero*: do'st thou know me?

Sago. Yes slanderous villen, nurse of Obloquie,
Whose poison'd breath, ha's speckl'd cleare fac't vertue,
And made a Leper of *Isabella's* fame,
That is as spotlesse, as the eye of heau'n.
Thy vitall threds a cutting, start not slaue;
Hee's sure of sudden death, heau'n cannot saue.

Count Rog. Art not *Guiaca* turn'd Apostata, ha's pleasure once
again

Turn'd thee againe a diuell, art not *Guiaca*? hah!

Sago. O that I were, then would I stab my selfe,
For he is mark't for death, as well as thee:
I am *Don Sago* thy mortall enemy,
Whose hand loue makes thy executioner.

Rogero. I know thee valiant Spaniard, and to thee
Murders more hatefull, then is sacrilege
Thy actions euer haue been honourable.

Sago. And this the crowne of all my Actions,
To purge the earth, of such a man turn'd monster.

Rogero. I neuer wrong'd thee Spaniard, did I? speake
I'll make thee satisfaction like a souldiour, *Tell him all the*
A true Italian, and a Gentleman: *Plot,*

Thy rage is treacherie without a cause.

Sago. My rage is iust, and thy heart bloud shall know,
He that wrongs beautie, must be honors foe:

Isabels quarrell, armes the Spaniards spirit.

Rogero. Murder should keepe with basenesse, not with merit:
I'll answere thee to morrow by my soule,

The insatiate Countesse.

And cleare thy doubts, or satisfie thy will.

Sago. Hee's warres best scholler, can with safety kill,
Take this to night, now meete with me to morrow, *Shootes.*
I come *Isabella*, halfe thy hate is dead,
Valour makes murder light, which feare makes dead.

Capt. The pistoll was shot here seize him, *Enter Capt.*
Bring lights, what *Don Sago* Collonell of the horse? *with a band*
Ring the Alarumbell, raise the whole Citie, *of Soldiers.*
His Troops are in the towne, I feare treacherie:
Whose this lies mured, speake bloud-thirstie Spaniard.

Sago. I haue not spoil'd his face, you may know his visnomy.

Capt. 'Tis Count *Rogero*, goe conuay him hence.
Thy life proud Spaniard, answers this offence,
A strong guard for the prisoner, lesse the cities powers
Rise to rescue him. *Be girt him with souldiours.*

Sago. What needs this strife?
Know slaues, I prize reuenge aboue my life.
Fames register to future times shall tell
That by *Don Sago*, Count *Rogero* fell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Acti Quarti.

Actus quintus Scæna prima.

Enter MEDINA, the dead body of GUIDO Alias Count
Arsena, and Souldiours, Don Sago guarded, Exe-
cutioner, Scaffold.

Medina. **D**on Sago quak'st thou not to behold this spectacle,
This innocent sacrifice mured noblenes,
When bloud the maker euer promiseth,
Shall though with slow yet with sure vengeance rest.
It is a guerdon earn'd, and must be paid,

The insatiate Countesse.

As sure reuenge, as it is sure a deede :

I nee'r knew murder yet, but it did bleed.

Canst thou after so many fearefull conflicts,

Betweene this obiect, and thy guilty conscience,

Now thou art freed from out the serpents lawes,

That vilde Adultresse, whose forceries

Doth draw chaste men into incontinence:

Whose tongue flowes ouer with harmefull eloquence,

Canst thou I say repent this hainous Act,

And learne to loath, that killing Cockatrice?

Sago. By this fresh blood, that from thy manly brest,

I cowardly flucht out, I would in hell,

From this sad minute, still the day of doome:

To re-inspire vaine Æsculapius.

And fill these crimson conduits, feele the fire

Due to the damned, and this horrid fact.

Medina Vpon my soule, braue Spaniard, I beleeeue thee.

Sago. O cease to weepe in blood, or teach me too,

The bubbling wounds, doe murmure for reuenge:

This is the end of lust, where men may see,

Murders the shadow of Adulterie:

And followes it to death.

Medina. But hopefull Lord, we doe commiserate,

Thy bewitch't fortunes, a free pardon giue:

On this thy true and noble penitence.

With all we make thee Collonell of our horse;

Leuied against the proud Venecian state.

Sago. *Medina,* I thanke thee not, giue life to him,

That sits with Rîsus, and the full cheek't Bacchus,

The rich and mighty Monarchs of the earth,

To me life is ten times more terrible,

Then death can be to me, O breake my breast:

Diuines and dying men may talke of hell,

But in my heart the seuerall torments dwell.

What Tanais, Nilus?, or what Tioris swift?

What Rhenus serier then the Cataract?

The insatiate Countesse.

Although Neptolis cold, the waues of all the northerne sea,
Should flow for euer, through these guiltie hands,
Yet the sanguinolent staine would extant be.

Medina. God pardon thee, we doe.

Enter a messenger.

A shoute.

Messenger. The Countesse comes my Lord, vnto the death:
But so vnwillingly, and vnprepar'd,
That she is rather forst, thinking the summe
She sent to you of twenty thousand pound,
Would haue assured her of life.

Medina. O Heauens!

Is she not wearie yet of lust and life?
Had it been *Cressus* wealth, she should haue died;
Her goods by law, are all confiscate to ys,
And die shee shall: her lust
Would make a slaughter house of Italy.
Ere she attain'd to foure and twenty yeeres,
Three Earles, one Vicount, and this valiant Spaniard,
Are knowne to a beene the fuell to her lust:
Besides her secret louers, which charitably
I iudge to haue beene but few, but some they were,
Here is a glasse, wherein to view her soule,
A Noble, but vnfortunate Gentleman,
Cropt by her hand, as some rude passenger
Doth pluck the tender Roses in the budde,
Murder and lust, the least of which is death,
And hath she yet any false hope of breath?

*Enter ISABELLA, with her haire hanging downe, a chaplet
of flowers on her head, a nosegay in her hand, Exe-
cutioner before her, and with her a Cardinall*

Isabella. What place is this?

Cardin. Madame, the Castle greene.

Isab. There should be dancing on a greene I thinke.

Card. Madame: to you none other then your dance of death.

Isabell. Good my Lord Cardinall doe not thunder thus,
I sent to day to my Phisician,

And

The insatiate Countesse.

And as he say's he findes no signe of death.

Card. Good Madame, doe not iest away your soule.

Ifab. O seruant, how hast thou betrai'd my life? *To Sago.*

Thou art my dearest louer now I see.

Thou wilt not leaue me, till my very death.

Bless't be thy hand, I sacrifice a kisse

To it and vengeance: worthily thou didst,

He died deseruedly, not content to inioy

My youth and beauty, riches and my fortune:

But like a Chronicler of his owne vice,

In Epigrams and songs, he tun'd my name,

Renown'd me for a Strumpet in the Courts,

Of the French King, and the great Emperor.

Didst thou not kill him druncke.

Medina. O shamelesse woman!

Ifab. Thou shouldest, or in the embraces of his lust,
It might haue beene a womans vengeance.

Yet I thanke thee *Sago*, and would not wish him liuing
Were my life instant ransome.

Card. O Madame: in your soule haue charitie.

Ifab. Ther's money for the poore.

Gines him money.

Card. O Lady this is but a branch of charitie,
An ostentation, or a liberall pride:

Let me instruct your soule, for that, I feare,

Within the painted sepulcher of flesh,

Lies in a dead consumption: good Madame, read, *gines a*

Ifab. You put me to my booke my Lord, will *booke.*
not that faue me.

Card. Yes Madame, in the euerlasting world.

Sago. Amen, Amen.

Ifab. While thou wert my seruant, thou hast euer said,
Amen to all my wishes, witnesse this spectacle:

Wher's my Lord *Medina*?

Medina. Here *Isabella*. What would you?

Ifab. May we not be reprieu'd?

Medina.

The insatiate Countesse.

Medina. Mine honors past, you may not.

Isab. No, tis my honor past,

Medina. Thine honors past indeed.

Isab. Then ther's no hope of absolute remission.

Medina. For that your holy Confessor will tell you,
Be dead to this world, for I sweare you dye,
Were you my fathers daughter.

Isab. Can you doe nothing my Lord Cardinall?

Card. More then the world sweet Lady, help to saue
What hand of man, wants power to destroy.

Isab. You'r all for this world, then why not I?
Were you in health and youth, like me my Lord,
Although you merited the crowne of life,
And stood in state of grace, assur'd of it:
Yet in this fearefull separation,
Old as you are, e'ne till your latest gaspe,
You'd craue the help of the Phisition:
And wish your dayes lengthn'd one summer longer,
Though all be grieve, labour and misery,
Yet none will part with it, that I can see.

Medina. Vp to the scaffold with her, 'tis late.

Isab. Better late then neuer my good Lord you thinke:
You vse square dealing, *Medina's* mighty Duke:
Tyrant of France, sent hither by the diuell.

*She ascends the
Scaffold.*

Medina. The fitter to meete you.

Card. Peace: Good my Lord in death doe not prouoke her.

Isab. Seruant low as my destiny I kneele to thee, *To Sago.*
Honouring in death, thy manly loyaltie:
And what so e'er become of my poore soule,
The ioyes of both worlds euermore be thine.

Commend me to the Noble Count *Guiana*,
That should haue shared thy valour, and my hatred:
Tell him I pray his pardon, and

Medina, art yet inspir'd from heau'n,
Shew thy Creators Image: be like him,
Father of mercy.

Medina.

The insatiate Countesse.

Medina. Head's man, doe thine office.

Isab. Now God lay all thy sinnes vpon thy head,
And sinke thee with them, to infernall darknesse,
Thou teacher of the furies cruelty.

Card. O Madame: teach your selfe a better prayer,
This is your latest hower.

Isab. He is mineemie, his sight torments me,
I shall not die in quiet.

Med. Ile be gone: off with her, head there. *Exit.*

Isab. Tak'st thou delight, to torture misery?
Such mercie finde thou in the day of doome.

Sould. My Lord: here is a holy Frier desires, *Enter Roberto*
To haue some conference with the prisoners. *Count of Cipres*

Roberto. It is in priuate, what I haue to say, *in Friers weeds.*
With fauour of your father-hood.

Card. Frier: in Gods name welcome. *Roberto ascends*

Rob. Lady: it seemes your eye is stil the same, *to Isabella.*
Forgetfull of what most it should behold,
Doe not you know me then?

Isab. Holy Sir: so farre you are gone from my memorie,
I must take truce with time, ere I can know you.

Robert. Beare record all, you blessed Saints in heau'n,
I come not to torment thee in thy death:
For of himselfe hee's terrible enough,
But call to minde a Ladie like your selfe.
And thinke how ill in such a beauteous soule,
Vpon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
Apostasie and vilde reuolt would shew:
With all imagine that she had a Lord,
Iealous, the Aire should rauish her chaste lookes:
Doating like the creator in his models,
Who viewes them euery minute, and with care,
Mixt in his feare of their obedience to him.
Suppose he sung through famous Italy,
More common then the looser songs of Petrarch:
To euery seuerall Zanies instrument,

The insatiate Countesse.

And he poore wretch, hoping some better fate,
Might call her back from her Adulterate purpose:
Liues in obscure, and almost vnkowne life,
Till hearing, that she is condemn'd to die:
For he once lou'd her, lends his pined corps,
Motion to bring him to her stage of honour
Where drown'd in woe: at her so dismall chance,
He claspes her: thus he fells into a trance.

Isab. O my offended Lord lift vp your eyes:
But yet auert them from my loathed sight.
Had I with you inioyed the lawfull pleasure,
To which belongs, nor feare, nor publike shame:
I might haue liu'd in honour, died in fame.
Your pardon on my faultring knees I begge:
Which shall confirme more peace vnto my death,
Then all the graue instructions of the Church.

Roberto. Pardon belongs vnto my holy weeds,
Freely thou hast it, farewell my *Isabella*.
Let thy death ransom thy soule, O die a rare example,
The kisse thou gau'st me in the church, here take,
As I leaue thee, so thou the world forsake. *Exit Roberto.*

Clarid. Rare accident, ill welcome noble Lord:
Madame: your executioner desires you to forgiue him.

Isab. Yes and giue him too, what must I doe my friend?

Executioner. Madame: onely tie vp your haire.

Isabella. O these golden nets,
That haue insnar'd so many wanton youthes,
Not one but ha's beene held a thred of life,
And superstitiously depended on,
Now to the block, we must vaile: what else?

Executioner. Madame: I must intreat you blind your eyes.

Isabella. I haue liued too long in darknesse my friend:
And yet mine eies with their maiesticque light,
Haue got new Muses, in a Poets spright.
They haue beene more gazed at then the God of Day:
Their brightnes neuer could be flattered,

Yet

The insatiate Countesse.

Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of Lawne,
To Eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
What else?

Executioner. Now Madame: al's done,
And when you please, I'll execute my office.

Isabella. We will be for thee straight.
Giue me your blessing my Lord Cardinall:
Lord, I am well prepar'd:

Murder and lust, downe with my ashes sinke.
But like ingratefull seede perish in earth,
That you may neuer spring against my soule,
Like weedes to choake it in the heauenly haruest,
I fail to rise, mount to thy maker, spirit,
Leaue here thy body, death ha's her demerit.

Strike.

Cardin. An host of Angels be thy conuey hence.

Medina. To funerall with her body, and this Lords:
None here I hope can taxe vs of iniustice:
She died deseruedly, and may like fate,
Attend all women so insatiate.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter AMAGO the Duke, the Watch and Senators.

Duke I am amazed at this maze of wonder,
Wherein no thred or clue presents it selfe,
To winde vs from the obscure passages,
What saies my Nephew?

Watch. Still resolute my Lord, and doth confesse the theft.

Duke Wee'll vse him like a fellow, cut him off:
For feare he doe pollute our sounder parts.

Yet why should he steale,
That is a loaden Vine? riches to him,
Were adding sands into the Libian shore,
Or farre lesse charitie: what say the other prisoners?

Watch. Like men my Lord, fit for the other world,
They tak't vpon their death, they slew your Nephew.

Duke. And he is yet aliue, keepe them asunder
We may sent out the wile.

The insatiate Countesse.

*Enter CLARIDIANA and ROGERO bound: with a
Frier and Officers.*

Rogero. My friend; is it the rigour of the law
I should be tied thus hard, Ile vndergoe it:
If not, prethee then slacken; yet I haue deseru'd it,
This murder lies heauie on my conscience.

Clarid. Wedlocke, There's my wedlocke; O whore, whore,
whore.

Frier. O Sir be quallified.

Clarid. Sir: I am to die a dogges death, and will snarle a
little

At the old Segnior, you are onely a Parenthesis,
Which I will leaue out of my execrations: but first

To our *quondam* wiues, that makes vs cry our Vowels:

In red Capitall letters, I o v are cuckolds, O may

Bastard bearing with the panges of childbirth, be

Doubled to him: may they haue euertwins

And be three weekes in trauell betweene, may they be,

So Riuell'd with painting by that time they are thirty, that it

May be held a worke of condigne merit

But to looke vpon 'em, may they liue,

To ride in triumph in a Dung-cart

And be crown'd with al the odious ceremonies belonging too't

May the cucking stoole be their recreation,

And a dungeon their dying chamber,

May they haue nine liues like a Cat, to endure this and more;

May they be burnt for witches of a sudden,

And lastly, may the opinion of Philosophers

Proue true, that women haue no soules.

Enter THAIS and ABIGAIL.

Thais. What husband? at your prayers so seriously?

Clari. Yes: a few orisons; Frier, thou that stand'st betweene
The soules of men and the diuell,

Keepe these female spirits away;

Or I will renounce my faith else.

Abig. Oh husband, I little thought to see you in this taking.

Rogero.

The insatiate Countesse.

Rogero. O whore, I little thought to see you in this taking,
I am gouernour of this castle of cornets,
My graue will be stumbl'd at, thou adulterat whore,
I might haue liu'd like a Marchant.

Abig. So you may still husband.

Rogero. Peace, thou art verie quicke with me.

Abig. I by my faith, and so I am husband,
Belike you know I am with child.

Rogero. A bastard, a bastard, a bastard:
I might haue liu'd like a gentleman,
And now I must die like a Hanger on:
Shew trickes vpon a wooden horse,
And runne through an Alphabet of scurue faces:
Doe not expect a good looke from me.

Abig. O mee vnfortunate!

Clarid. O to thinke whil'st we are singing the last Hymne,
And readie to be turn'd off,
Some new tune is inuenting, by some Metermonger,
To a scurue Ballad of our death.
Againe at our funerall Sermons,
To haue the Diuine, diuide his text into faire branches:
Oh, flesh and bloud cannot indure it,
Yet I will take it patiently like a graue man,
Hangman, tie not my halter of a true louers knot,
I shall burst it if thou doost.

Thais. Husband, I doe beseech you on my knees,
I may but speake with you. I'll winne your pardon,
Or with teares like Niobe bedew a.

Clarid. Hold thy water Crocodile, and say I am bond
To doe thee no harme: were I free yet I could not
Be looser then thou: For thou art a whore.

Agamemnons daughter that was sacrific'd
For a good winde, felt but a blast of the torments:
Thou should'st indure, I'de make thee swound
Of tner, then that fellow that by his continuall practise
Hopes to become Drum Maior.

The insatiate Countesse.

What saist thou to tickling to death with bodkins?
But thou hast laught too much at me alreadie, whore.
Iustice O Duke, and let me not hang in suspence.

Abig. Husband: I'le naile me to the earth, but I'le
Winne your pardon.

My Jewels, iointure, all I haue shall flye:
Apparell, bedding, I'le not leaue a Ruggle;
So you may come off fairely.

Clarid. I'le come off fairely. Then beg my pardon,
I had rather Chirurgions hall should begge my dead bodie
For an Anatomie, then thou begge my life:
Iustice O Duke, and let vs die.

Duke. Signior, thinke, and dally not with heauen,
But freely tell vs, did you doe the murther?

Rogero. I haue confest it, to my ghostly father,
And done the Sacrament of penance for it.
What would your highnesse more?

Clar. The like haue I, what would your highnesse more?
And here before you all tak 't o' my death.

Duke. In Gods name then on to the death with them,
For the poore widdowes that you leaue behinde,
Though by the law, their goods are all confiscate,
Yet wee 'll be their good Lord, and giue 'em them.

Clari. Oh hell of hels. Why did not we hire some villaine to
fire our houses?

Rog. I thought not of that, my minde was altogether of the
gallowes.

Clar. May the wealth I leaue behinde me, help to damne her,
And as the cursed fate of curtezan,
What she gleanes with her traded art,
May one as a most due plague cheat from,
In the last dotage of her tired lust,
And leaue her an vnpittied age of woe.

Rogero. Amen, Amen.

Watchm. I neuer heard men pray more feruently.

Rogero. O that a man had the instinct of a Lyon,

He

The insatiate Countesse.

He knowes when the Lionesse place falls to him :
But these solaces, these women,
They bring man to gray haire before he be thirtie.
Yet they cast out such mists of flatterie from their breath,
That a mans lost againe; sure I fell into my marriage bed drunke:
Like the Leopard, well with sober eyes would I had auoided it ;
Come graue and hide me from my blasted fame; *Exeunt Ambo*
O that thou could'st as well conceale my shame. *with officers.*

Thais. Your pardon & your fauor gracious Duke *Women kneele.*
At once we doe implore, that haue so long.

Deceiu'd your royall expectation,
Assur'd that the Comick knitting vp,
Will moue your spleene, vnto the proper vse,
Of mirth, your naturall inclination :
And wipe away the watery couloured anger,
From your inforced cheeke.

Faire Lord, beguile

Them and your selfe, with a pleasing smile.

Duke. Now by my life I doe, faire Ladies rise,
Inee'r did purpose any other end,
To them and these designs.

I was inform'd,

Of some notorious error, as I sate in iudgement.

And doe you heare? these night workes require a Cats eyes,
To impierce delected darknesse: call back the prisoners.

Clari. Now what other troubled newes,
That we must back thus?

Enter Clarid.

Ha's any Senator beg'd my pardon,

and Rogero,

Vpon my wiues prostitution to him.

with officers.

Rog. What a spight 's this, I had kept in my breath of purpose
Thinking to goe away the quieter, and must we now backe?

Duke. Since you are to die, wee'll giue you winding sheetes,
Wherein you shall be shrouded aliue,
By which we winde out all these miseries.
Segnior *Rogero*, bestow a while your eye,
And reade here of your true wiues chastity.

Gives him a Letter.

Rogero.

The insatiate Countesse.

Rog. Chastitie? I will sooner expect a Iesuities recantation:
Or the great Turkes conuersion, then her chastitie.
Pardon my leige, I will not trust mine eyes:
Women and Diuels, will deceiue the wise.

Duke. The like Sir is apparant on your side. *To tother.*

Clar. Who? my wife? chaste? ha's your grace your sense,
I'll sooner beleue

A coniurer may say his prayers with zeale,
Then her honestie. Had she been an Hermaphrodite
I would scarce hath giuen credit to you,
Let him that haue drunke loue drugs trust a woman,
By heau'n I thinke, the aire is not more common.

Duke. Then we impose a strict command vpon you:
On your Allegeance, reade what there is writ.

Clar. A writ of errour, on my life my liege.

Duke. You'll finde it so I feare.

Cl. What haue we here the Art of Brachigraphy *Looks out?*

Thais. Hee's stung already, as if his eyes were turn'd on *Per-*
sies shield.

There motion is fixt, like to the poole of Stix.

Abig. Yonders our flames, and from the hollow Arches,
Of his quick eyes, comes comet traines of fire:
Bursting like hidden furies, from their Canes, *Reades.*
Your's till he sleepe, the sleepe of all
The world, *Rogero.*

Rogero. Marry and that Lethergie seize you, reade againe.

Clar. Thy seruant so made by his stars, *Rogero.* *Reads againe.*
A fire on your wandring starres *Rogero.*

Rog. Sathan, why hast thou tempted my wife? *To Clarid.*

Cl. Peace, seducer, I am branded in the forehead
With your starre-marke. May the starres drop vpon thee,
And with their sulphure vapours choake thee, ere thou
Come at the gallowes.

Rogero. Stretch not my patience *Mahomet.*

Clarid. Termagant that will stretch thy patience.

Rogero. Had I knowne this I would haue poison'd thee in
the Chalice, This

The insatiate Countesse.

This morning, when we receaued the Sacrament.

Clari. Slaue, knowst thou this: tis an Appendix to the Letter,
But the greater temptation is hidden within.
I will scowre thy gorge like a Hawke: thou shalt swallow thine
owne stone in this letter,

They bustle.

Seal'd and deliuered in the presence of.

Duke. Keepe them asunder, list to vs, we command.

Clari. O violent villayne, is not thy hand hereto?
And writ in bloud to shew thy raging lust?

Thais. Spice of a new halter, when you go a ranging thus like
Deuills, would you might burne for't as they doe.

Rogero. Thus tis to lye with another mans wife:

He shalbe sure to heare on't againe.

But we are friends, sweet ducke,

kisse her.

And this shall be my maxime all my life,

M A N neuer happy is till in a wife.

Clari. Here sunke our hate lower then any whirlepoole.

And this chaste kisse I giue thee for thy care.

kisse.

That fame of women full as wise as faire.

Duke. You haue saued vs a labour in your loue.

But Gentlemen, why stood you so prepossitrouly?

Would you haue headlong runne to Infamy,

In so defam'd a death?

Rogero. O my Liege, I had rather rore to death with *Phaleris*
Bull, then *Darius*-like, to haue one of my wings extend to *Atlas*,
the other to *Europa*.

What is a Cuckold learne of me,

few can tell his pedigree,

Nor his subtile nature conster,

borne a man, but dyes a monster.

Let great Antiquaries say,

they spring from our *Meihusala*,

Who after *Noahs* flood was found,

to haue his Crest with branches crown'd.

God in *Edens* happy shade,

this same creature made.

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The insatiate Countesse.

Then to cut off all mistaking,
Cuckolds are of womens making.
From whose snares, good Lord deliuer vs,

Clari. Amen, Amen.

Before I would proue a Cuckold, I would indure a winters Pil-
grimage in the Frozen Zone,
Goe starke naked through Muscouia, where the Climate is 9.
degrees colder then Ice.

And thus much to all married men.

Now I see great reason why

Loue should mary ielousie:

Since mans best of life is fame,

He had neede preserue the same.

When tis in a womans keeping,

Let not *Argos* eyes be sleeping.

The poxe is vnto Panders giuen

By the better powers of heauen.

That contaynes pure chastity,

And each Virgin soueraignty,

Wantonly she op't and lost:

Gift whereof, a God might boast.

Therefore shouldst thou *Diana* wed,

Yet be icalous of her bed.

Duke. Night, like a Masque, is entred heauens great hall,

With thousand Torches vshering the way:

To *Risus* will wee consecrate this Euening,

Like *Missermis* cheating of the brack.

Weele make this night the day. Faire ioyes befall

Vs and our Actions. Are you pleased all?

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S.

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